





IN MEMORIAM

ANNOTATED BY
THE AUTHOR

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IN MEMORIAM

IN MEMORIAM A. H. H.

OBIIT MDCCCXXXIII

i

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;

ii

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest Life in man and brute ;
Thou madest Death ; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

iii

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And thou hast made him : thou art just.

iv

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou :
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

v

Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be :
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

vi

We have but faith : we cannot know ;
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

vii

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

viii

But vaster. We are fools and slight ;
We mock thee when we do not fear :
But help thy foolish ones to bear ;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

ix

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me ;
What seem'd my worth since I began ;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

x

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

xi

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth ;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

1849.

I

i

I HELD it truth, with him who sings
 To one clear harp in divers tones,
 That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

ii

But who shall so forecast the years
 And find in loss a gain to match ?
 Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears ?

iii

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,
 Let darkness keep her raven gloss :
 Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with death, to beat the ground,

iv

Than that the victor Hours should scorn
 The long result of love, and boast,
 ‘ Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn.’

II

i

OLD Yew, which graspest at the stones
That name the under-lying dead,
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

ii

The seasons bring the flower again,
And bring the firstling to the flock ;
And in the dusk of thee, the clock
Beats out the little lives of men.

iii

O not for thee the glow, the bloom,
Who changest not in any gale,
Nor branding summer suns avail
To touch thy thousand years of gloom :

iv

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,
Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,
I seem to fail from out my blood
And grow incorporate into thee.

III

i

O SORROW, cruel fellowship,
 O Priestess in the vaults of Death,
 O sweet and bitter in a breath,
What whispers from thy lying lip?

ii

‘The stars,’ she whispers, ‘blindly run ;
 A web is wov’n across the sky ;
 From out waste places comes a cry,
And murmurs from the dying sun :

iii

‘And all the phantom, Nature, stands—
 With all the music in her tone,
 A hollow echo of my own,—
A hollow form with empty hands.’

iv

And shall I take a thing so blind,
 Embrace her as my natural good ;
 Or crush her, like a vice of blood,
Upon the threshold of the mind?

IV

i

To Sleep I give my powers away ;
My will is bondsman to the dark ;
I sit within a helmless bark,
And with my heart I muse and say :

ii

O heart, how fares it with thee now,
That thou should'st fail from thy desire,
Who scarcely darest to inquire,
'What is it makes me beat so low ?'

iii

Something it is which thou hast lost,
Some pleasure from thine early years.
Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,
That grief hath shaken into frost !

iv

Such clouds of nameless trouble cross
All night below the darken'd eyes ;
With morning wakes the will, and cries,
'Thou shalt not be the fool of loss.'

V

i

I SOMETIMES hold it half a sin
 To put in words the grief I feel ;
 For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

ii

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
 A use in measured language lies ;
 The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

iii

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
 Like coarsest clothes against the cold :
 But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more.

VI

i

ONE writes, that 'Other friends remain,'
That 'Loss is common to the race'—
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

ii

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more :
Too common ! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

iii

O father, wheresoe'er thou be,
Who pledgest now thy gallant son ;
A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.

iv

O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor,—while thy head is bow'd,
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

v

Ye know no more than I who wrought
At that last hour to please him well ;
Who mused on all I had to tell,
And something written, something thought ;

vi

Expecting still his advent home ;
And ever met him on his way
With wishes, thinking, ' here to-day,'
Or ' here to-morrow will he come.'

vii

O somewhere, meek, unconscious dove,
That sittest ranging golden hair ;
And glad to find thyself so fair,
Poor child, that waitest for thy love !

viii

For now her father's chimney glows
In expectation of a guest ;
And thinking ' this will please him best,'
She takes a riband or a rose ;

ix

For he will see them on to-night ;
And with the thought her colour burns ;
And, having left the glass, she turns
Once more to set a ringlet right ;

x

And, even when she turn'd, the curse
 Had fallen, and her future Lord
 Was drown'd in passing thro' the ford,
Or kill'd in falling from his horse.

xi

O what to her shall be the end?
 And what to me remains of good?
 To her, perpetual maidenhood,
And unto me no second friend.

VII

i

DARK house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street,
Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand,

ii

A hand that can be clasp'd no more—
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.

iii

He is not here ; but far away
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day.

VIII

i

A HAPPY lover who has come
To look on her that loves him well,
Who 'lights and rings the gateway bell,
And learns her gone and far from home ;

ii

He saddens, all the magic light
Dies off at once from bower and hall,
And all the place is dark, and all
The chambers emptied of delight :

iii

So find I every pleasant spot
In which we two were wont to meet,
The field, the chamber and the street,
For all is dark where thou art not.

iv

Yet as that other, wandering there
In those deserted walks, may find
A flower beat with rain and wind,
Which once she foster'd up with care ;

v

So seems it in my deep regret,
O my forsaken heart, with thee
And this poor flower of poesy
Which little cared for fades not yet.

vi •

But since it pleased a vanish'd eye,
I go to plant it on his tomb,
That if it can it there may bloom,
Or dying, there at least may die.

IX

i

FAIR ship, that from the Italian shore
 Sailest the placid ocean-plains
 With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

ii

So draw him home to those that mourn
 In vain ; a favourable speed
 Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead
Thro' prosperous floods his holy urn.

iii

All night no ruder air perplex
 Thy sliding keel, till Phospor, bright
 As our pure love, thro' early light
S' all glimmer on the dewy decks.

iv

Sphere all your lights around, above ;
 Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow ;
 Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love ;

v

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be run ;
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me.

X

i

I HEAR the noise about thy keel ;
 I hear the bell struck in the night :
 I see the cabin-window bright ;
I see the sailor at the wheel.

ii

Thou bring'st the sailor to his wife,
 And travell'd men from foreign lands ;
 And letters unto trembling hands ;
And, thy dark freight, a vanish'd life.

iii

So bring him : we have idle dreams :
 This look of quiet flatters thus
 Our home-bred fancies : O to us,
The fools of habit, sweeter seems

iv

To rest beneath the clover sod,
 That takes the sunshine and the rains,
 Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God ;

v

Than if with thee the roaring wells
Should gulf him fathom-deep in brine ;
And hands so often clasp'd in mine,
Should toss with tangle and with shells.

XI

i

CALM is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only thro' the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground :

ii

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
And on these dews that drench the furze,
And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold :

iii

Calm and still light on yon great plain
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main :

iv

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall ;
And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despáir :

v

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

XII

i

Lo, as a dove when up she springs
 To bear thro' Heaven a tale of woe,
 Some dolorous message knit below
The wild pulsation of her wings ;

ii

Like her I go ; I cannot stay ;
 I leave this mortal ark behind,
 A weight of nerves without a mind,
And leave the cliffs, and haste away

iii

O'er ocean-mirrors rounded large,
 And reach the glow of southern skies,
 And see the sails at distance rise,
And linger weeping on the marge,

iv

And saying ; ' Comes he thus, my friend ?
 Is this the end of all my care ? '
 And circle moaning in the air :
' Is this the end ? Is this the end ? '

v

And forward dart again, and play
About the prow, and back return
To where the body sits, and learn
That I have been an hour away.

XIII

i

TEARS of the widower, when he sees
A late-lost form that sleep reveals,
And moves his doubtful arms, and feels
Her place is empty, fall like these ;

ii

Which weep a loss for ever new,
A void where heart on heart reposed ;
And, where warm hands have prest and
closed,
Silence, till I be silent too.

iii

Which weep the comrade of my choice,
An awful thought, a life removed,
The human-hearted man I loved,
A Spirit, not a breathing voice.

iv

Come Time, and teach me, many years,
I do not suffer in a dream ;
For now so strange do these things seem,
Mine eyes have leisure for their tears ;

v

My fancies time to rise on wing,
And glance about the approaching sails,
As tho' they brought but merchants' bales,
And not the burthen that they bring.

XIV

i

IF one should bring me this report,
That thou hadst touch'd the land to-day,
And I went down unto the quay,
And found thee lying in the port ;

ii

And standing, muffled round with woe,
Should see thy passengers in rank
Come stepping lightly down the plank,
And beckoning unto those they know ;

iii

And if along with these should come
The man I held as half-divine ;
Should strike a sudden hand in mine,
And ask a thousand things of home ;

iv

And I should tell him all my pain,
And how my life had droop'd of late,
And he should sorrow o'er my state
And marvel what possess'd my brain ;

v

And I perceived no touch of change,
No hint of death in all his frame,
But found him all in all the same,
I should not feel it to be strange.

XV

i

TO-NIGHT the winds begin to rise
And roar from yonder dropping day :
The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies ;

ii

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,
The cattle huddled on the lea ;
And wildly dash'd on tower and tree
The sunbeam strikes along the world :

iii

And but for fancies, which aver
That all thy motions gently pass
Athwart a plane of molten glass,
I scarce could brook the strain and stir

iv

That makes the barren branches loud ;
And but for fear it is not so,
The wild unrest that lives in woe
Would dote and pore on yonder cloud

v

That rises upward always higher,
And onward drags a labouring breast,
And topples round the dreary west,
A looming bastion fringed with fire.

XVI

i

WHAT words are these have fall'n from me ?
Can calm despair and wild unrest
Be tenants of a single breast,
Or sorrow such a changeling be ?

ii

Or doth she only seem to take
The touch of change in calm or storm ;
But knows no more of transient form
In her deep self, than some dead lake

iii

That holds the shadow of a lark
Hung in the shadow of a heaven ?
Or has the shock, so harshly given
Confused me like the unhappy bark

iv

That strikes by night a craggy shelf,
And staggers blindly ere she sink ?
And stunn'd me from my power to think
And all my knowledge of myself ;

v

And made me that delirious man
Whose fancy fuses old and new,
And flashes into false and true,
And mingles all without a plan?

XVII

i

THOU comest, much wept for : such a breeze
Compell'd thy canvas, and my prayer
Was as the whisper of an air
To breathe thee over lonely seas.

ii

For I in spirit saw thee move
Thro' circles of the bounding sky,
Week after week : the days go by :
Come quick, thou bringest all I love.

iii

Henceforth, wherever thou may'st roam,
My blessing, like a line of light,
Is on the waters day and night,
And like a beacon guards thee home.

iv

So may whatever tempest mars
Mid-ocean, spare thee, sacred bark ;
And balmy drops in summer dark
Slide from the bosom of the stars.

v

So kind an office hath been done,
Such precious relics brought by thee ;
The dust of him I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race be run

XVIII

i

'TIS well ; 'tis something ; we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.

ii

'Tis little ; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest
And in the places of his youth.

iii

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head
That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,
And come, whatever loves to weep,
And hear the ritual of the dead.

iv

Ah yet, ev'n yet, if this might be,
I, falling on his faithful heart,
Would breathing thro' his lips impart
The life that almost dies in me ;

v

That dies not, but endures with pain,
And slowly forms the firmer mind,
Treasuring the look it cannot find,
The words that are not heard again.

XIX

i

THE Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beat no more ;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

ii

There twice a day the Severn fills ;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

iii

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,
And hush'd my deepest grief of all,
When fill'd with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

iv

The tide flows down, the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls ;
My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then.

XX

i

THE lesser griefs that may be said,
That breathe a thousand tender vows,
Are but as servants in a house
Where lies the master newly dead ;

ii

Who speak their feeling as it is,
And weep the fulness from the mind :
, 'It will be hard,' they say, 'to find
Another service such as this.'

iii

My lighter moods are like to these,
That out of words a comfort win ;
But there are other griefs within,
And tears that at their fountain freeze ;

iv

For by the hearth the children sit
Cold in that atmosphere of Death,
And scarce endure to draw the breath,
Or like to noiseless phantoms flit :

v

But open converse is there none,
So much the vital spirits sink
To see the vacant chair, and think,
‘How good ! how kind ! and he is gone.’

XXI

i

I SING to him that rests below,
And, since the grasses round me wave,
I take the grasses of the grave,
And make them pipes whereon to blow.

ii

The traveller hears me now and then,
And sometimes harshly will he speak :
‘This fellow would make weakness weak,
And melt the waxen hearts of men.’

iii

Another answers, ‘Let him be,
He loves to make parade of pain
That with his piping he may gain
The praise that comes to constancy.’

iv

A third is wroth : ‘Is this an hour
For private sorrow’s barren song,
When more and more the people throng
The chairs and thrones of civil power ?

v

‘A time to sicken and to swoon,
When Science reaches forth her arms
To feel from world to world, and charms
Her secret from the latest moon?’

vi

Behold, ye speak an idle thing :
Ye never knew the sacred dust :
I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing :

vii

And one is glad ; her note is gay,
For now her little ones have ranged ;
And one is sad ; her note is changed,
Because her brood is stol’n away.

XXII

i

THE path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow :

ii

And we with singing cheer'd the way,
And, crown'd with all the season lent
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May :

iii

But where the path we walk'd began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended following Hope,
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man ;

iv

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold,
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip,

v

And bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste,
And think, that somewhere in the waste
The Shadow sits and waits for me.

XXIII

i

Now, sometimes in my sorrow shut,
Or breaking into song by fits,
Alone, alone, to where he sits,
The Shadow cloak'd from head to foot,

ii

Who keeps the keys of all the creeds,
I wander, often falling lame,
And looking back to whence I came,
Or on to where the pathway leads ;

iii

And crying, How changed from where it ran
Thro' lands where not a leaf was dumb ;
But all the lavish hills would hum
The murmur of a happy Pan :

iv

When each by turns was guide to each,
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
And Thought leapt out to wed with
Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech ;

v

And all we met was fair and good,
And all was good that Time could bring,
And all the secret of the Spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood ;

vi

And many an old philosophy
On Argive heights divinely sang,
And round us all the thicket rang
To many a flute of Arcady.

XXIV

i

AND was the day of my delight
As pure and perfect as I say ?
The very source and fount of Day
Is dash'd with wandering isles of night.

ii

If all was good and fair we met,
This earth had been the Paradise
It never look'd to human eyes
Since our first Sun arose and set.

iii

And is it that the haze of grief
Makes former gladness loom so great ?
The lowness of the present state,
That sets the past in this relief ?

iv

Or that the past will always win
A glory from its being far ;
And orb into the perfect star
We saw not, when we moved therein ?

XXV

i

I KNOW that this was Life,—the track
Whereon with equal feet we fared ;
And then, as now, the day prepared
The daily burden for the back.

ii

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air ;
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of Love :

iii

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
When mighty Love would cleave in twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him.

XXVI

STILL onward winds the dreary way ;
I with it ; for I long to prove
No lapse of moons can canker Love
Whatever fickle tongues may say.

ii

And if that eye which watches guilt
And goodness, and hath power to see
Within the green the moulder'd tree,
And towers fall'n as soon as built—

iii

Oh, if indeed that eye foresee
Or see (in Him is no before)
In more of life true life no more
And Love the indifference to be,

iv

Then might I find, ere yet the morn
Breaks hither over Indian seas,
That Shadow waiting with the keys,
To shroud me from my proper scorn.

XXVII

i

I ENVY not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods :

ii

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes ;

iii

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth ;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

iv

I hold it true, whate'er befall ;
I feel it, when I sorrow most ;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

XXVIII

i

THE time draws near the birth of Christ :
The moon is hid ; the night is still ;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

ii

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound :

iii

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

iv

This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish'd no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again :

v

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controll'd me when a boy ;
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry merry bells of Yule.

XXIX

i

WITH such compelling cause to grieve
As daily vexes household peace,
And chains regret to his decease,
How dare we keep our Christmas-eve ;

ii

Which brings no more a welcome guest
To enrich the threshold of the night
With shower'd largess of delight
In dance and song and game and jest ?

iii

Yet go, and while the holly boughs
Entwine the cold baptismal font,
Make one wreath more for Use and Wont,
That guard the portals of the house ;

iv

Old sisters of a day gone by,
Gray nurses, loving nothing new ;
Why should they miss their yearly due
Before their time ? They too will die.

XXX

i

WITH trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth ;
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,
And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.

ii

At our old pastimes in the hall
We gambol'd, making vain pretence
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute Shadow watching all.

iii

We paused : the winds were in the beech :
We heard them sweep the winter land ;
And in a circle hand-in-hand
Sat silent, looking each at each.

iv

Then echo-like our voices rang ;
We sung, tho' every eye was dim,
A merry song we sang with him
Last year : impetuously we sang :

v

We ceased : a gentler feeling crept
Upon us : surely rest is meet :
‘ They rest,’ we said, ‘ their sleep is sweet,’
And silence follow’d, and we wept.

vi

Our voices took a higher range ;
Once more we sang : ‘ They do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change ;

vii

‘ Rapt from the fickle and the frail
With gather’d power, yet the same,
Pierces the keen seraphic flame
From orb to orb, from veil to veil.’

viii

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night :
O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.

f. l. v

XXXI

i

WHEN Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
And home to Mary's house return'd,
Was this demanded—if he yearn'd
To hear her weeping by his grave?

ii

‘Where wert thou, brother, those four days?’
There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise.

iii

From every house the neighbours met,
The streets were fill'd with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crown'd
The purple brows of Olivet.

iv

Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unreveal'd;
He told it not; or something seal'd
The lips of that Evangelist.

XXXII

i

HER eyes are homes of silent prayer,
Nor other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And he that brought him back is there.

ii

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the Life indeed.

iii

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

iv

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure ;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs ?

XXXIII

i

O THOU that after toil and storm
 Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer air,
 Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form,

ii

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
 Her early Heaven, her happy views ;
 Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.

iii

Her faith thro' form is pure as thine,
 Her hands are quicker unto good :
 Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood
To which she links a truth divine !

iv

See thou, that countest reason ripe
 In holding by the law within,
 Thou fail not in a world of sin,
And ev'n for want of such a type.

XXXIV

i

MY own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is ;

ii

This round of green, this orb of flame,
Fantastic beauty ; such as lurks
In some wild Poet, when he works
Without a conscience or an aim.

iii

What then were God to such as I ?
'Twere hardly worth my while to choose
Of things all mortal, or to use
A little patience ere I die ;

iv

'Twere best at once to sink to peace,
Like birds the charming serpent draws,
To drop head-foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness and to cease.

XXXV

i

YET if some voice that man could trust
Should murmur from the narrow house,
‘The cheeks drop in ; the body bows :
Man dies : nor is there hope in dust :’

ii

Might I not say ? ‘Yet even here,
But for one hour, O Love, I strive
To keep so sweet a thing alive :’
But I should turn mine ears and hear

iii

The moanings of the homeless sea,
The sound of streams that swift or slow
Draw down Æonian hills, and sow
The dust of continents to be ;

iv

And Love would answer with a sigh,
‘The sound of that forgetful shore
Will change my sweetness more and more,
Half-dead to know that I shall die.’

v

O me, what profits it to put
 An idle case? If Death were seen
 At first as Death, Love had not been,
Or been in narrowest working shut,

vi

Mere fellowship of sluggish moods,
 Or in his coarsest Satyr-shape
 Had bruised the herb and crush'd the grape,
And bask'd and batten'd in the woods.

XXXVI

i

THO' truths in manhood darkly join,
Deep-seated in our mystic frame,
We yield all blessing to the name
Of Him that made them current coin ;

ii

For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers,
Where truth in closest words shall fail,
When truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors.

iii

And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought ;

iv

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef.

XXXVII

i

URANIA speaks with darken'd brow :
 ‘Thou pratest here where thou art least ;
 This faith has many a purer priest,
And many an abler voice than thou.

ii

‘Go down beside thy native rill,
 On thy Parnassus set thy feet,
 And hear thy laurel whisper sweet
About the ledges of the hill.’

iii

And my Melpomene replies,
 A touch of shame upon her cheek :
 ‘I am not worthy ev’n to speak
Of thy prevailing mysteries ;

iv

‘For I am but an earthly Muse,
 And owning but a little art
 To lull with song an aching heart,
And render human love his dues ;

v

‘ But brooding on the dear one dead,
And all he said of things divine,
(And dear to me as sacred wine
To dying lips is all he said),

iv

‘ I murmur’d, as I came along,
Of comfort clasp’d in truth reveal’d ;
And loiter’d in the master’s field,
And darken’d sanctities with song.’

XXXVIII

i

WITH weary steps I loiter on,
 Tho' always under alter'd skies
 The purple from the distance dies,
My prospect and horizon gone.

ii

No joy the blowing season gives,
 The herald melodies of spring,
 But in the songs I love to sing
A doubtful gleam of solace lives.

iii

If any care for what is here
 Survive in spirits render'd free,
 Then are these songs I sing of thee
Not all ungrateful to thine ear.

XXXIX

i

OLD warder of these buried bones,
And answering now my random stroke
With fruitful cloud and living smoke,
Dark yew, that graspest at the stones

ii

And dippest toward the dreamless head,
To thee too comes the golden hour
When flower is feeling after flower ;
But Sorrow—fixt upon the dead,

iii

And darkening the dark graves of men,—
What whisper'd from her lying lips
Thy gloom is kindled at the tips,
And passes into gloom again.

XL

i

COULD we forget the widow'd hour
And look on Spirits breathed away,
As on a maiden in the day
When first she wears her orange-flower !

ii

When crown'd with blessing she doth rise
To take her latest leave of home,
And hopes and light regrets that come
Make April of her tender eyes ;

iii

And doubtful joys the father move,
And tears are on the mother's face,
As parting with a long embrace
She enters other realms of love ;

iv

Her office there to rear, to teach,
Becoming as is meet and fit
A link among the days, to knit
The generations each with each ;

v

And, doubtless, unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In those great offices that suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.

vi

Ay me, the difference I discern !
How often shall her old fireside
Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride,
How often she herself return,

vii

And tell them all they would have told,
And bring her babe, and make her boast,
Till even those that miss'd her most
Shall count new things as dear as old :

viii

But thou and I have shaken hands,
Till growing winters lay me low ;
My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscover'd lands.

XLI

i

THY spirit ere our fatal loss
Did ever rise from high to higher ;
As mounts the heavenward altar-fire,
As flies the lighter thro' the gross.

ii

But thou art turn'd to something strange,
And I have lost the links that bound
Thy changes ; here upon the ground,
No more partaker of thy change.

iii

Deep folly ! yet that this could be—
That I could wing my will with might
To leap the grades of life and light,
And flash at once, my friend, to thee.

iv

For tho' my nature rarely yields
To that vague fear implied in death ;
Nor shudders at the gulfs beneath,
The howlings from forgotten fields ;

v

Yet oft when sundown skirts the moor
 An inner trouble I behold,
 A spectral doubt which makes me cold,
That I shall be thy mate no more,

vi

Tho' following with an upward mind
 The wonders that have come to thee,
 Thro' all the secular to-be,
But evermore a life behind.

XLII

i

I VEX my heart with fancies dim :
 He still outstript me in the race ;
 It was but unity of place
That made me dream I rank'd with him.

ii

And so may Place retain us still,
 And he the much-beloved again,
 A lord of large experience, train
To riper growth the mind and will :

iii

And what delights can equal those
 That stir the spirit's inner deeps,
 When one that loves but knows not, reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows ?

XLIII

i

IF Sleep and Death be truly one,
And every spirit's folded bloom
Thro' all its intervital gloom
In some long trance should slumber on ;

ii

Unconscious of the sliding hour,
Bare of the body, might it last,
And silent traces of the past
Be all the colour of the flower :

iii

So then were nothing lost to man ;
So that still garden of the souls
In many a figured leaf enrolls
The total world since life began ;

iv

And love will last as pure and whole
As when he loved me here in Time,
And at the spiritual prime
Rewaken with the dawning soul.

XLIV

i

How fares it with the happy dead ?
For here the man is more and more ;
But he forgets the days before
God shut the doorways of his head.

ii

The days have vanish'd, tone and tint,
And yet perhaps the hoarding sense
Gives out at times (he knows not whence)
A little flash, a mystic hint ;

iii

And in the long harmonious years
(If Death so taste Lethean springs),
May some dim touch of earthly things
Surprise thee ranging with thy peers.

iv

If such a dreamy touch should fall,
O turn thee round, resolve the doubt ;
My guardian angel will speak out
In that high place, and tell thee all.

XLV

i

THE baby new to earth and sky,
What time his tender palm is prest
Against the circle of the breast,
Has never thought that 'this is I :'

ii

But as he grows he gathers much,
And learns the use of 'I,' and 'me,'
And finds 'I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch.'

iii

So rounds he to a separate mind
From whence clear memory may begin,
As thro' the frame that binds him in
His isolation grows defined.

iv

This use may lie in blood and breath,
Which else were fruitless of their due,
Had man to learn himself anew
Beyond the second birth of Death.

XLVI

i

WE ranging down this lower track,
The path we came by, thorn and flower,
Is shadow'd by the growing hour,
Lest life should fail in looking back.

ii

So be it : there no shade can last
In that deep dawn behind the tomb,
But clear from marge to marge shall bloom
The eternal landscape of the past ;

iii

A lifelong tract of time reveal'd ;
The fruitful hours of still increase ;
Days order'd in a wealthy peace,
And those five years its richest field.

iv

O Love, thy province were not large,
A bounded field, nor stretching far ;
Look also, Love, a brooding star,
A rosy warmth from marge to marge.

XLVII

i

THAT each, who seems a separate whole,
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general Soul,

ii

Is faith as vague as all unsweet :
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside ;
And I shall know him when we meet :

iii

And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good :
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of Love on earth ? He seeks at least

iv

Upon the last and sharpest height,
Before the spirits fade away,
Some landing-place, to clasp and say,
'Farewell ! We lose ourselves in light.'

XLVIII

i

IF these brief lays, of Sorrow born,
Were taken to be such as closed
Grave doubts and answers here proposed,
Then these were such as men might scorn :

ii

Her care is not to part and prove ;
She takes, when harsher moods remit,
What slender shade of doubt may flit,
And makes it vassal unto love :

iii

And hence, indeed, she sports with words,
But better serves a wholesome law,
And holds it sin and shame to draw
The deepest measure from the chords :

iv

Nor dare she trust a larger lay,
But rather loosens from the lip
Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away.

XLIX

i

FROM art, from nature, from the schools,
Let random influences glance,
Like light in many a shiver'd lance
That breaks about the dappled pools :

ii

The lightest wave of thought shall lisp,
The fancy's tenderest eddy wreath,
The slightest air of song shall breathe
To make the sullen surface crisp.

iii

And look thy look, and go thy way,
But blame not thou the winds that make
The seeming-wanton ripple break,
The tender-pencil'd shadow play.

iv

Beneath all fancied hopes and fears
Ay me, the sorrow deepens down,
Whose muffled motions blindly drown
The bases of my life in tears.

L

i

BE near me when my light is low,
When the blood creeps, and the nerves
prick
And tingle ; and the heart is sick,
And all the wheels of Being slow.

ii

Be near me when the sensuous frame
Is rack'd with pangs that conquer trust ;
And Time, a maniac scattering dust,
And Life, a Fury slinging flame.

iii

Be near me when my faith is dry,
And men the flies of latter spring,
That lay their eggs, and sting and sing
And weave their petty cells and die.

iv

Be near me when I fade away,
To point the term of human strife,
And on the low dark verge of life
The twilight of eternal day.

LI

i

Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side?
Is there no baseness we would hide?
No inner vileness that we dread?

ii

Shall he for whose applause I strove,
I had such reverence for his blame,
See with clear eye some hidden shame
And I be lessen'd in his love?

iii

I wrong the grave with fears untrue :
Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
There must be wisdom with great Death :
The dead shall look me thro' and thro'.

iv

Be near us when we climb or fall :
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
With larger other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all.

LII

i

I CANNOT love thee as I ought,
For love reflects the thing beloved ;
My words are only words, and moved
Upon the topmost froth of thought.

ii

‘ Yet blame not thou thy plaintive song,’
The Spirit of true love replied ;
‘ Thou canst not move me from thy side,
Nor human frailty do me wrong.

iii

‘ What keeps a spirit wholly true
To that ideal which he bears ?
What record ? not the sinless years
That breathed beneath the Syrian blue :

iv

‘ So fret not, like an idle girl,
That life is dash’d with flecks of sin.
Abide : thy wealth is gather’d in,
When Time hath sunder’d shell from pearl.’

LIII

i

How many a father have I seen,
A sober man, among his boys,
Whose youth was full of foolish noise,
Who wears his manhood hale and green :

ii

And dare we to this fancy give,
That had the wild oat not been sown,
The soil, left barren, scarce had grown
The grain by which a man may live ?

iii

Or, if we held the doctrine sound
For life outliving heats of youth,
Yet who would preach it as a truth
To those that eddy round and round ?

iv

Hold thou the good : define it well :
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procuress to the Lords of Hell.

LIV

i

OH yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;

ii

That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete ;

iii

That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

iv

Behold, we know not anything ;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

v

So runs my dream : but what am I ?
 An infant crying in the night :
 An infant crying for the light :
And with no language but a cry.

LV

i

THE wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul ?

ii

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams ?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life ;

iii

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

iv

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

v

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

LVI

i

‘ So careful of the type ? ’ but no.

From scarped cliff and quarried stone

She cries, ‘ A thousand types are gone :

I care for nothing, all shall go.

ii

‘ Thou makest thine appeal to me :

I bring to life, I bring to death :

The spirit does but mean the breath :

I know no more.’ And he, shall he,

iii

Man, her last work, who seem’d so fair,

Such splendid purpose in his eyes,

Who roll’d the psalm to wintry skies,

Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

iv

Who trusted God was love indeed

And love Creation’s final law—

Tho’ Nature, red in tooth and claw

With ravine, shriek’d against his creed—

v

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills?

vi

No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music match'd with him.

vii

O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer, or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

LVII

i

PEACE ; come away : the song of woe
Is after all an earthly song :
Peace ; come away : we do him wrong
To sing so wildly : let us go.

ii

Come ; let us go : your cheeks are pale ;
But half my life I leave behind :
Methinks my friend is richly shrined ;
But I shall pass ; my work will fail.

iii

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,
One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever look'd with human eyes.

iv

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,
Eternal greetings to the dead ;
And 'Ave, Ave, Ave,' said,
Adieu, adieu' for evermore.

LVIII

i

IN those sad words I took farewell :
Like echoes in sepulchral halls,
As drop by drop the water falls
In vaults and catacombs, they fell ;

ii

And, falling, idly broke the peace
Of hearts that beat from day to day,
Half-conscious of their dying clay,
And those cold crypts where they shall cease.

iii

The high Muse answer'd : ' Wherefore grieve
Thy brethren with a fruitless tear ?
Abide a little longer here,
And thou shalt take a nobler leave.'

LIX

i

O SORROW, wilt thou live with me
 No casual mistress, but a wife,
 My bosom-friend and half of life ;
As I confess it needs must be ;

ii

O Sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood,
 Be sometimes lovely like a bride,
 And put thy harsher moods aside,
If thou wilt have me wise and good.

iii

My centred passion cannot move,
 Nor will it lessen from to-day ;
 But I'll have leave at times to play
As with the creature of my love ;

iv

And set thee forth, for thou art mine,
 With so much hope for years to come,
 That, howsoe'er I know thee, some
Could hardly tell what name were thine.

LX

i

HE past ; a soul of nobler tone :
My spirit loved and loves him yet,
Like some poor girl whose heart is set
On one whose rank exceeds her own.

ii

He mixing with his proper sphere,
She finds the baseness of her lot,
Half jealous of she knows not what,
And envying all that meet him there.

iii

The little village looks forlorn ;
She sighs amid her narrow days,
Moving about the household ways,
In that dark house where she was born.

iv

The foolish neighbours come and go,
And tease her till the day draws by :
At night she weeps, ‘ How vain am I !
How should he love a thing so low ? ’

LXI

i

IF, in thy second state sublime,
Thy ransom'd reason change replies
With all the circle of the wise,
The perfect flower of human time ;

ii

And if thou cast thine eyes below,
How dimly character'd and slight,
How dwarf'd a growth of cold and night,
How blanch'd with darkness must I grow !

iii

Yet turn thee to the doubtful shore,
Where thy first form was made a man ;
I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can
The soul of Shakspeare love thee more.

LXII

i

THO' if an eye that's downward cast
 Could make thee somewhat blench or fail,
 Then be my love an idle tale,
And fading legend of the past ;

ii

And thou, as one that once declined,
 When he was little more than boy,
 On some unworthy heart with joy,
But lives to wed an equal mind ;

iii

And breathes a novel world, the while
 His other passion wholly dies,
 Or in the light of deeper eyes
Is matter for a flying smile.

LXIII

i

YET pity for a horse o'er-driven,
And love in which my hound has part,
Can hang no weight upon my heart
In its assumptions up to heaven ;

ii

And I am so much more than these,
As thou, perchance, art more than I,
And yet I spare them sympathy,
And I would set their pains at ease.

iii

So mayst thou watch me where I weep,
As, unto vaster motions bound,
The circuits of thine orbit round
A higher height, a deeper deep.

LXIV

i

DOST thou look back on what hath been,
As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green ;

ii

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star ;

iii

Who makes by force his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne ;

iv

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire ;

v

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
 When all his active powers are still,
 A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream,

vi

The limit of his narrower fate,
 While yet beside its vocal springs
 He play'd at counsellors and kings,
With one that was his earliest mate ;

vii

Who ploughs with pain his native lea
 And reaps the labour of his hands,
 Or in the furrow musing stands ;
' Does my old friend remember me ? '

LXV

i

SWEET soul, do with me as thou wilt ;
I lull a fancy trouble-tost
With ' Love's too precious to be lost,
A little grain shall not be spilt.'

ii

And in that solace can I sing,
Till out of painful phases wrought
There flutters up a happy thought,
Self-balanced on a lightsome wing :

iii

Since we deserved the name of friends,
And thine effect so lives in me,
A part of mine may live in thee
And move thee on to noble ends.

LXVI

i

YOU thought my heart too far diseased ;
 You wonder when my fancies play
 To find me gay among the gay,
Like one with any trifle pleased.

ii

The shade by which my life was crost,
 Which makes a desert in the mind,
 Has made me kindly with my kind,
And like to him whose sight is lost ;

iii

Whose feet are guided thro' the land,
 Whose jest among his friends is free,
 Who takes the children on his knee,
And winds their curls about his hand :

iv

He plays with threads, he beats his chair
 For pastime, dreaming of the sky ;
 His inner day can never die,
His night of loss is always there.

LXVII

i

WHEN on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls ;

ii

Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years.

iii

The mystic glory swims away ;
From off my bed the moonlight dies
And closing eaves of wearied eyes
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray :

iv

And then I know the mist is drawn
A lucid veil from coast to coast,
And in the dark church like a ghost
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

LXVIII

i

WHEN in the down I sink my head,
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my breath ;
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows not Death,
Nor can I dream of thee as dead :

ii

I walk as ere I walk'd forlorn,
When all our path was fresh with dew,
And all the bugle breezes blew
Reveillée to the breaking morn.

iii

But what is this ? I turn about,
I find a trouble in thine eye,
Which makes me sad I know not why,
Nor can my dream resolve the doubt :

iv

But ere the lark hath left the lea
I wake, and I discern the truth ;
It is the trouble of my youth
That foolish sleep transfers to thee.

LXIX

i

I DREAM'D there would be Spring no more,
That Nature's ancient power was lost :
The streets were black with smoke and frost,
They chatter'd trifles at the door :

ii

I wander'd from the noisy town,
I found a wood with thorny boughs :
I took the thorns to bind my brows,
I wore them like a civic crown :

iii

I met with scoffs, I met with scorns
From youth and babe and hoary hairs :
They call'd me in the public squares
The fool that wears a crown of thorns :

iv

They call'd me fool, they call'd me child :
I found an angel of the night ;
The voice was low, the look was bright ;
He look'd upon my crown and smiled :

v

He reach'd the glory of a hand,
That seem'd to touch it into leaf :
The voice was not the voice of grief,
The words were hard to understand.

LXX

i

I CANNOT see the features right,
When on the gloom I strive to paint
The face I know ; the hues are faint
And mix with hollow masks of night ;

ii

Cloud-towers by ghostly masons wrought,
A gulf that ever shuts and gapes,
A hand that points, and palled shapes
In shadowy thoroughfares of thought ;

iii

And crowds that stream from yawning doors,
And shoals of pucker'd faces drive ;
Dark bulks that tumble half alive,
And lazy lengths on boundless shores ;

iv

Till all at once beyond the will
I hear a wizard music roll,
And thro' a lattice on the soul
Looks thy fair face and makes it still.

LXXI

i

SLEEP, kinsman thou to death and trance
And madness, thou hast forged at last
A night-long Present of the Past
In which we went thro' summer France.

ii

Hadst thou such credit with the soul?
Then bring an opiate trebly strong,
Drug down the blindfold sense of wrong
That so my pleasure may be whole ;

iii

While now we talk as once we talk'd
Of men and minds, the dust of change,
The days that grow to something strange,
In walking as of old we walk'd

iv

Beside the river's wooded reach,
The fortress, and the mountain ridge,
The cataract flashing from the bridge,
The breaker breaking on the beach.

LXXII

i

RISEST thou thus, dim dawn, again,
And howlest, issuing out of night,
With blasts that blow the poplar white,
And lash with storm the streaming pane?

ii

Day, when my crown'd estate begun
To pine in that reverse of doom,
Which sicken'd every living bloom,
And blurr'd the splendour of the sun;

iii

Who usherest in the dolorous hour
With thy quick tears that make the rose
Pull sideways, and the daisy close
Her crimson fringes to the shower;

iv

Who might'st have heaved a windless flame
Up the deep East, or, whispering, play'd
A chequer-work of beam and shade
Along the hills, yet look'd the same.

v

As wan, as chill, as wild as now ;
Day, mark'd as with some hideous crime,
When the dark hand struck down thro' time,
And cancell'd nature's best : but thou,

vi

Lift as thou may'st thy burthen'd brows
Thro' clouds that drench the morning star,
And whirl the ungarner'd sheaf afar,
And sow the sky with flying boughs,

vii

And up thy vault with roaring sound
Climb thy thick noon, disastrous day ;
Touch thy dull goal of joyless gray,
And hide thy shame beneath the ground.

LXXIII

i

So many worlds, so much to do,
 So little done, such things to be,
 How know I what had need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert true?

ii

The fame is quench'd that I foresaw,
 The head hath miss'd an earthly wreath :
 I curse not nature, no, nor death ;
For nothing is that errs from law.

iii

We pass ; the path that each man trod
 Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds :
 What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age ? It rests with God.

iv

O hollow wraith of dying fame,
 Fade wholly, while the soul exults,
 And self-infolds the large results
Of force that would have forged a name.

LXXIV

i

AS sometimes in a dead man's face,
To those that watch it more and more,
A likeness, hardly seen before,
Comes out—to some one of his race :

ii

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
I see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.

iii

But there is more than I can see,
And what I see I leave unsaid,
Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee.

LXXV

i

I LEAVE thy praises unexpress'd
In verse that brings myself relief,
And by the measure of my grief
I leave thy greatness to be guess'd ;

ii

What practice howsoe'er expert
In fitting aptest words to things,
Or voice the richest-toned that sings,
Hath power to give thee as thou wert ?

iii

I care not in these fading days
To raise a cry that lasts not long,
And round thee with the breeze of song
To stir a little dust of praise.

iv

Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been.

v

So here shall silence guard thy fame ;
But somewhere, out of human view,
Whate'er thy hands are set to do
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.

LXXVI

i

TAKE wings of fancy, and ascend,
And in a moment set thy face
Where all the starry heavens of space
Are sharpen'd to a needle's end ;

ii

Take wings of foresight ; lighten thro'
The secular abyss to come,
And lo, thy deepest lays are dumb
Before the mouldering of a yew ;

iii

And if the matin songs, that woke
The darkness of our planet, last,
Thine own shall wither in the vast,
Ere half the lifetime of an oak.

iv

Ere these have clothed their branchy bowers
With fifty Mays, thy songs are vain ;
And what are they when these remain
The ruin'd shells of hollow towers ?

LXXVII

i

WHAT hope is here for modern rhyme
To him, who turns a musing eye
On songs, and deeds, and lives, that lie
Foreshorten'd in the tract of time ?

ii

These mortal lullabies of pain
May bind a book, may line a box,
May serve to curl a maiden's locks ;
Or when a thousand moons shall wane

iii

A man upon a stall may find,
And, passing, turn the page that tells
A grief, then changed to something else,
Sung by a long-forgotten mind.

iv

But what of that ? My darken'd ways
Shall ring with music all the same ;
To breathe my loss is more than fame,
To utter love more sweet than praise.

LXXVIII

i

AGAIN at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth ;
The silent snow possess'd the earth,
And calmly fell our Christmas-eve :

ii

The yule-clog sparkled keen with frost,
No wing of wind the region swept,
But over all things brooding slept
The quiet sense of something lost.

iii

As in the winters left behind,
Again our ancient games had place,
The mimic picture's breathing grace,
And dance and song and hoodman-blind.

iv

Who show'd a token of distress ?
No single tear, no mark of pain :
O sorrow, then can sorrow wane ?
O grief, can grief be changed to less ?

v

O last regret, regret can die !

No—mixt with all this mystic frame,

Her deep relations are the same,

But with long use her tears are dry.

LXXIX

i

‘MORE than my brothers are to me,’—
Let this not vex thee, noble heart !
I know thee of what force thou art
To hold the costliest love in fee.

ii

But thou and I are one in kind,
As moulded like in Nature’s mint ;
And hill and wood and field did print
The same sweet forms in either mind.

iii

For us the same cold streamlet curl’d
Thro’ all his eddying coves ; the same
All winds that roam the twilight came
In whispers of the beauteous world.

iv

At one dear knee we proffer’d vows,
One lesson from one book we learn’d,
Ere childhood’s flaxen ringlet turn’d
To black and brown on kindred brows.

V

And so my wealth resembles thine,
But he was rich where I was poor,
And he supplied my want the more
As his unlikeness fitted mine.

LXXX

i

IF any vague desire should rise,
That holy Death ere Arthur died
Had moved me kindly from his side,
And dropt the dust on tearless eyes ;

ii

Then fancy shapes, as fancy can,
The grief my loss in him had wrought,
A grief as deep as life or thought,
But stay'd in peace with God and man.

iii

I make a picture in the brain ;
I hear the sentence that he speaks ;
He bears the burthen of the weeks
But turns his burthen into gain.

iv

His credit thus shall set me free ;
And, influence-rich to soothe and save,
Unused example from the grave
Reach out dead hands to comfort me.

LXXXI

i

COULD I have said while he was here,
 ‘ My love shall now no further range ;
 There cannot come a mellow change,
For now is love mature in ear ’ !

ii

Love, then, had hope of richer store :
 What end is here to my complaint ?
 This haunting whisper makes me faint,
‘ More years had made me love thee more.’

iii

But Death returns an answer sweet :
 ‘ My sudden frost was sudden gain,
 And gave all ripeness to the grain,
It might have drawn from after-heat.’

LXXXII

i

I WAGE not any feud with Death
For changes wrought on form and face ;
No lower life that earth's embrace
May breed with him, can fright my faith.

ii

Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks ;
And these are but the shatter'd stalks,
Or ruin'd chrysalis of one.

iii

Nor blame I Death, because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth :
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, elsewhere.

iv

For this alone on Death I wreak
The wrath that garners in my heart ;
He put our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak.

LXXXIII

i

DIP down upon the northern shore,
O sweet new-year delaying long ;
Thou doest expectant nature wrong ;
Delaying long, delay no more.

ii

What stays thee from the clouded noons,
Thy sweetness from its proper place ?
Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons ?

iii

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

iv

O thou, new-year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
That longs to burst a frozen bud
And flood a fresher throat with song.

LXXXIV

i

WHEN I contemplate all alone
The life that had been thine below,
And fix my thoughts on all the glow
To which thy crescent would have grown ;

ii

I see thee sitting crown'd with good,
A central warmth diffusing bliss
In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss,
On all the branches of thy blood ;

iii

Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine ;
For now the day was drawing on,
When thou should'st link thy life with one
Of mine own house, and boys of thine

iv

Had babbled ' Uncle ' on my knee ;
But that remorseless iron hour
Made cypress of her orange flower,
Despair of Hope, and earth of thee.

v

I seem to meet their least desire,
 To clap their cheeks, to call them mine.
I see their unborn faces shine
Beside the never-lighted fire.

vi

I see myself an honour'd guest,
 Thy partner in the flowery walk
 Of letters, genial table-talk,
Or deep dispute, and graceful jest ;

vii

While now thy prosperous labour fills
 The lips of men with honest praise,
 And sun by sun the happy days
Descend below the golden hills

viii

With promise of a morn as fair ;
 And all the train of bounteous hours
 Conduct by paths of growing powers,
To reverence and the silver hair ;

ix

Till slowly worn her earthly robe,
 Her lavish mission richly wrought,
 Leaving great legacies of thought,
Thy spirit should fail from off the globe ;

x

What time mine own might also flee,
As link'd with thine in love and fate,
And, hovering o'er the dolorous strait
To the other shore, involved in thee,

xi

Arrive at last the blessed goal,
And He that died in Holy Land
Would reach us out the shining hand,
And take us as a single soul.

xii

What reed was that on which I leant ?
Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wake
The old bitterness again, and break
The low beginnings of content.

LXXXV

i

THIS truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it, when I sorrow'd most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all——

ii

O true in word, and tried in deed,
Demanding, so to bring relief
To this which is our common grief,
What kind of life is that I lead ;

iii

And whether trust in things above
Be dimm'd of sorrow, or sustain'd ;
And whether love for him have drain'd
My capabilities of love ;

iv

Your words have virtue such as draws
A faithful answer from the breast,
Thro' light reproaches, half exprest,
And loyal unto kindly laws.

v

My blood an even tenor kept,
Till on mine ear this message falls,
That in Vienna's fatal walls
God's finger touch'd him, and he slept.

vi

The great Intelligences fair
That range above our mortal state,
In circle round the blessed gate,
Received and gave him welcome there ;

vii

And led him thro' the blissful climes,
And show'd him in the fountain fresh
All knowledge that the sons of flesh
Shall gather in the cycled times.

viii

But I remain'd, whose hopes were dim,
Whose life, whose thoughts were little worth,
To wander on a darken'd earth,
Where all things round me breathed of him.

ix

O friendship, equal-poised control,
O heart, with kindest motion warm,
O sacred essence, other form,
O solemn ghost, O crowned soul !

x

Yet none could better know than I,
How much of act at human hands
The sense of human will demands
By which we dare to live or die.

xi

Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, tho' left alone,
His being working in mine own,
The footsteps of his life in mine ;

xii

A life that all the Muses deck'd
With gifts of grace, that might express
All-comprehensive tenderness,
All-subtilising intellect :

xiii

And so my passion hath not swerved
To works of weakness, but I find
An image comforting the mind,
And in my grief a strength reserved.

xiv

Likewise the imaginative woe,
That loved to handle spiritual strife,
Diffused the shock thro' all my life,
But in the present broke the blow.

xv

My pulses therefore beat again
 For other friends that once I met ;
 Nor can it suit me to forget
 The mighty hopes that make us men.

xvi

I woo your love : I count it crime
 To mourn for any overmuch ;
 I, the divided half of such
 A friendship as had master'd Time ;

xvii

Which masters Time indeed, and is
 Eternal, separate from fears :
 The all-assuming months and years
 Can take no part away from this :

xviii

But Summer on the steaming floods,
 And Spring that swells the narrow brooks,
 And Autumn, with a noise of rooks,
 That gather in the waning woods,

xix

And every pulse of wind and wave
 Recalls, in change of light or gloom,
 My old affection of the tomb,
 And my prime passion in the grave :

xx

My old affection of the tomb,
A part of stillness, yearns to speak :
‘ Arise, and get thee forth and seek
A friendship for the years to come.

xxi

‘ I watch thee from the quiet shore ;
Thy spirit up to mine can reach ;
But in dear words of human speech
We two communicate no more.’

xxii

And I, ‘ Can clouds of nature stain
The starry clearness of the free ?
How is it ? Canst thou feel for me
Some painless sympathy with pain ?’

xxiii

And lightly does the whisper fall ;
‘ ’Tis hard for thee to fathom this ;
I triumph in conclusive bliss,
And that serene result of all.’

xxiv

So hold I commerce with the dead ;
Or so methinks the dead would say ;
Or so shall grief with symbols play
And pining life be fancy-fed.

xxv

Now looking to some settled end,
That these things pass, and I shall prove
A meeting somewhere, love with love,
I crave your pardon, O my friend ;

xxvi

If not so fresh, with love as true,
I, clasping brother-hands, aver
I could not, if I would, transfer
The whole I felt for him to you.

xxvii

For which be they that hold apart
The promise of the golden hours ?
First love, first friendship, equal powers,
That marry with the virgin heart.

xxviii

Still mine, that cannot but deplore,
That beats within a lonely place,
That yet remembers his embrace,
But at his footstep leaps no more,

xxix

My heart, tho' widow'd, may not rest
Quite in the love of what is gone,
But seeks to beat in time with one
That warms another living breast.

xxx

Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring,
Knowing the primrose yet is dear,
The primrose of the later year,
As not unlike to that of Spring.

LXXXVI

i

SWEET after showers, ambrosial air,
That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
Of evening over brake and bloom
And meadow, slowly breathing bare

ii

The round of space, and rapt below
Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood,
And shadowing down the horned flood
In ripples, fan my brows and blow

iii

The fever from my cheek, and sigh
The full new life that feeds thy breath
Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,
Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

iv

From belt to belt of crimson seas
On leagues of odour streaming far,
To where in yonder orient star
A hundred spirits whisper 'Peace.'

LXXXVII

i

I PAST beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown ;
I roved at random thro' the town,
And saw the tumult of the halls ;

ii

And heard once more in college fanes
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music, rolling, shake
The prophet blazon'd on the panes ;

iii

And caught once more the distant shout,
The measured pulse of racing oars
Among the willows ; paced the shores
And many a bridge, and all about

iv

The same gray flats again, and felt
The same, but not the same ; and last
Up that long walk of limes I past
'To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

v

Another name was on the door :
I linger'd ; all within was noise
Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
That crash'd the glass and beat the floor ;

vi

Where once we held debate, a band
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
And labour, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land ;

vii

When one would aim an arrow fair,
But send it slackly from the string ;
And one would pierce an outer ring
And one an inner, here and there ;

viii

And last the master-bowman, he,
Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
We lent him. Who, but hung to hear
The rapt oration flowing free

ix

From point to point, with power and grace
And music in the bounds of law,
To those conclusions when we saw
The God within him light his face,

x

And seem to lift the form, and glow
In azure orbits heavenly-wise ;
And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo.

LXXXVIII

i

WILD bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,
Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks,
O tell me where the senses mix,
O tell me where the passions meet,

ii

Whence radiate : fierce extremes employ
Thy spirits in the darkening leaf,
And in the midmost heart of grief
Thy passion clasps a secret joy :

iii

And I—my harp would prelude woe—
I cannot all command the strings ;
The glory of the sum of things
Will flash along the chords and go.

LXXXIX

i

WITCH-ELMS that counterchange the floor
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright ;
And thou, with all thy breadth and height
Of foliage, towering sycamore ;

ii

How often, hither wandering down,
My Arthur found your shadows fair,
And shook to all the liberal air
The dust and din and steam of town :

iii

He brought an eye for all he saw ;
He mixt in all our simple sports ;
They pleased him, fresh from brawling courts
And dusty purlieus of the law.

iv

O joy to him in this retreat,
Immantled in ambrosial dark,
To drink the cooler air, and mark
The landscape winking thro' the heat :

v

O sound to rout the brood of cares,
The sweep of scythe in morning dew,
The gust that round the garden flew,
And tumbled half the mellowing pears !

vi

O bliss, when all in circle drawn
About him, heart and ear were fed
To hear him, as he lay and read
The Tuscan poets on the lawn :

vii

Or in the all-golden afternoon
A guest, or happy sister, sung,
Or here she brought the harp and flung
A ballad to the brightening moon :

viii

Nor less it pleased in livelier moods,
Beyond the bounding hill to stray,
And break the livelong summer day
With banquet in the distant woods ;

ix

Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,
Discuss'd the books to love or hate,
Or touch'd the changes of the state,
Or threaded some Socratic dream ;

x

But if I praised the busy town,
 He loved to rail against it still,
 For 'ground in yonder social mill
We rub each other's angles down,

xi

'And merge' he said 'in form and gloss
 The picturesque of man and man.'
 We talk'd : the stream beneath us ran,
The wine-flask lying couch'd in moss,

xii

Or cool'd within the glooming wave ;
 And last, returning from afar
 Before the crimson-circled star
Had fall'n into her father's grave,

xiii

And brushing ankle deep in flowers,
 We heard behind the woodbine veil
 The milk that bubbled in the pail,
And buzzings of the honied hours.

XC

i

HE tasted love with half his mind,
Nor ever drank the inviolate spring
Where nighest heaven, who first could fling
This bitter seed among mankind ;

ii

That could the dead, whose dying eyes
Were closed with wail, resume their life,
They would but find in child and wife
An iron welcome when they rise :

iii

'Twas well, indeed, when warm with wine,
To pledge them with a kindly tear,
To talk them o'er, to wish them here,
To count their memories half divine ;

iv

But if they came who past away,
Behold their brides in other hands ;
The hard heir strides about their lands,
And will not yield them for a day.

v

Yea, tho' their sons were none of these,
Not less the yet-loved sire would make
Confusion worse than death, and shake
The pillars of domestic peace.

vi

Ah dear, but come thou back to me :
Whatever change the years have wrought,
I find not yet one lonely thought
That cries against my wish for thee.

XCI

i

WHEN rosy plumelets tuft the larch,
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush ;
Or underneath the barren bush
Flits by the sea-blue bird of March ;

ii

Come, wear the form by which I know
Thy spirit in time among thy peers ;
The hope of unaccomplish'd years
Be large and lucid round thy brow.

iii

When summer's hourly-mellowing change
May breathe, with many roses sweet,
Upon the thousand waves of wheat,
That ripple round the lonely grange ;

iv

Come : not in watches of the night,
But where the sunbeam broodeth warm,
Come, beauteous in thine after form,
And like a finer light in light.

XCII

i

IF any vision should reveal
Thy likeness, I might count it vain
As but the canker of the brain ;
Yea, tho' it spake and made appeal

ii

To chances where our lots were cast
Together in the days behind,
I might but say, I hear a wind
Of memory murmuring the past.

iii

Yea, tho' it spake and bared to view
A fact within the coming year ;
And tho' the months, revolving near,
Should prove the phantom-warning true,

iv

They might not seem thy prophecies,
But spiritual presentiments,
And such refraction of events
As often rises ere they rise.

XCIII

i

I SHALL not see thee. Dare I say
No spirit ever brake the band
That stays him from the native land
Where first he walk'd when claspt in clay?

ii

No visual shade of some one lost,
But he, the Spirit himself, may come
Where all the nerve of sense is numb;
Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.

iii

O, therefore from thy sightless range
With gods in unconjectured bliss,
O, from the distance of the abyss
Of tenfold-complicated change,

iv

Descend, and touch, and enter; hear
The wish too strong for words to name;
That in this blindness of the frame
My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

XCIV

i

How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

ii

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

iii

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest :

iv

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

XCV

i

By night we linger'd on the lawn,
For underfoot the herb was dry ;
And genial warmth ; and o'er the sky
The silvery haze of summer drawn ;

ii

And calm that let the tapers burn
Unwavering : not a cricket chirr'd :
The brook alone far-off was heard,
And on the board the fluttering urn :

iii

And bats went round in fragrant skies,
And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes
That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes
And woolly breasts and beaded eyes ;

iv

While now we sang old songs that peal'd
From knoll to knoll, where, couch'd at ease,
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field.

v

But when those others, one by one,
 Withdrew themselves from me and night,
 And in the house light after light
Went out, and I was all alone,

vi

A hunger seized my heart ; I read
 Of that glad year which once had been,
 In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,
The noble letters of the dead :

vii

And strangely on the silence broke
 The silent-speaking words, and strange
 Was love's dumb cry defying change
To test his worth ; and strangely spoke

viii

The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell
 On doubts that drive the coward back,
 And keen thro' wordy snares to track
Suggestion to her inmost cell.

ix

So word by word, and line by line,
 The dead man touch'd me from the past,
 And all at once it seem'd at last
The living soul was flash'd on mine,

x

And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world,

xi

Æonian music measuring out
The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—
The blows of Death. At length my trance
Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt.

xii

Vague words ! but ah, how hard to frame
In matter-moulded forms of speech,
Or ev'n for intellect to reach
Thro' memory that which I became :

xiii

Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd
The knolls once more where, couch'd at ease,
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field :

xiv

And suck'd from out the distant gloom
A breeze began to tremble o'er
The large leaves of the sycamore,
And fluctuate all the still perfume,

xv

And gathering freshlier overhead,
Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung
The heavy-folded rose, and flung
The lilies to and fro, and said

xvi

'The dawn, the dawn, and died away ;
And East and West, without a breath,
Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day.

XCVI

i

YOU say, but with no touch of scorn,
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes
Are tender over drowning flies,
You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

ii

I know not : one indeed I knew
In many a subtle question versed,
Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true :

iii

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

iv

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them : thus he came at length

v

To find a stronger faith his own ;
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone,

vi

But in the darkness and the cloud,
As over Sinai's peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of gold,
Altho' the trumpet blew so loud.

XCVII

i

My love has talk'd with rocks and trees ;
 He finds on misty mountain-ground
 His own vast shadow glory-crown'd ;
He sees himself in all he sees.

ii

Two partners of a married life—
 I look'd on these and thought of thee
 In vastness and in mystery,
And of my spirit as of a wife.

iii

These two—they dwelt with eye on eye,
 Their hearts of old have beat in tune,
 Their meetings made December June
Their every parting was to die.

iv

Their love has never past away ;
 The days she never can forget
 Are earnest that he loves her yet,
Whate'er the faithless people say.

v

Her life is lone, he sits apart,
He loves her yet, she will not weep,
Tho' rapt in matters dark and deep
He seems to slight her simple heart.

vi

He thrids the labyrinth of the mind,
He reads the secret of the star,
He seems so near and yet so far,
He looks so cold : she thinks him kind.

vii

She keeps the gift of years before,
A wither'd violet is her bliss :
She knows not what his greatness is,
For that, for all, she loves him more.

viii

For him she plays, to him she sings
Of early faith and plighted vows ;
She knows but matters of the house,
And he, he knows a thousand things.

ix

Her faith is fixt and cannot move,
She darkly feels him great and wise,
She dwells on him with faithful eyes,
' I cannot understand : I love.'

XCVIII

i

YOU leave us : you will see the Rhine,
And those fair hills I sail'd below,
When I was there with him ; and go
By summer belts of wheat and vine

ii

To where he breathed his latest breath,
That City. All her splendour seems
No livelier than the wisp that gleams
On Lethe in the eyes of Death.

iii

Let her great Danube rolling fair
Enwind her isles, unmark'd of me :
I have not seen, I will not see
Vienna ; rather dream that there,

iv

A treble darkness, Evil haunts
The birth, the bridal ; friend from friend
Is oftener parted, fathers bend
Above more graves, a thousand wants

v

Gnarr at the heels of men, and prey
By each cold hearth, and sadness flings
Her shadow on the blaze of kings :
And yet myself have heard him say,

vi

That not in any mother town
With statelier progress to and fro
The double tides of chariots flow
By park and suburb under brown

vii

Of lustier leaves ; nor more content,
He told me, lives in any crowd,
When all is gay with lamps, and loud
With sport and song, in booth and tent,

viii

Imperial halls, or open plain ;
And wheels the circled dance, and breaks
The rocket molten into flakes
Of crimson or in emerald rain.

XCIX

i

RISEST thou thus, dim dawn, again,
So loud with voices of the birds,
So thick with lowings of the herds,
Day, when I lost the flower of men ;

ii

Who tremblest thro' thy darkling red
On yon swoll'n brook that bubbles fast
By meadows breathing of the past,
And woodlands holy to the dead ;

iii

Who murmurest in the foliaged eaves
A song that slights the coming care,
And Autumn laying here and there
A fiery finger on the leaves ;

iv

Who wakenest with thy balmy breath
To myriads on the genial earth,
Memories of bridal, or of birth,
And unto myriads more, of death.

v

O wheresoever those may be,
 Betwixt the slumber of the poles,
 To-day they count as kindred souls ;
They know me not but mourn with me.

C

i

I CLIMB the hill : from end to end
Of all the landscape underneath,
I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend ;

ii

No gray old grange, or lonely fold,
Or low morass and whispering reed,
Or simple stile from mead to mead,
Or sheepwalk up the windy wold ;

iii

Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw
That hears the latest linnet trill,
Nor quarry trench'd along the hill
And haunted by the wrangling daw ;

iv

Nor runlet tinkling from the rock ;
Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves
To left and right thro' meadowy curves,
That feed the mothers of the flock ;

v

But each has pleased a kindred eye,
And each reflects a kindlier day ;
And, leaving these, to pass away,
I think once more he seems to die.

CI

i

UNWATCH'D, the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down,
Unloved, that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away ;

ii

Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair,
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
And many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air ;

iii

Unloved, by many a sandy bar,
The brook shall babble down the plain,
At noon or when the lesser wain
Is twisting round the polar star ;

iv

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,
And flood the haunts of hern and crake ;
Or into silver arrows break
The sailing moon in creek and cove ;

v

Till from the garden and the wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child ;

vi

As year by year the labourer tills
His wonted glebe, or lops the glades ;
And year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills.

CII

i

WE leave the well-beloved place
Where first we gazed upon the sky ;
The roofs, that heard our earliest cry,
Will shelter one of stranger race.

ii

We go, but ere we go from home,
As down the garden-walks I move,
Two spirits of a diverse love
Contend for loving masterdom.

iii

One whispers, ' Here thy boyhood sung
Long since its matin song, and heard
The low love-language of the bird
In native hazels tassel-hung.'

iv

The other answers, ' Yea, but here
Thy feet have stray'd in after hours
With thy lost friend among the bowers,
And this hath made them trebly dear.'

v

These two have striven half the day,
And each prefers his separate claim,
Poor rivals in a losing game,
That will not yield each other way.

vi

I turn to go : my feet are set
To leave the pleasant fields and farms ;
They mix in one another's arms
To one pure image of regret.

CIII

i

ON that last night before we went
From out the doors where I was bred,
I dream'd a vision of the dead,
Which left my after-morn content.

ii

Methought I dwelt within a hall,
And maidens with me : distant hills
From hidden summits fed with rills
A river sliding by the wall.

iii

The hall with harp and carol rang.
They sang of what is wise and good
And graceful. In the centre stood
A statue veil'd, to which they sang ;

iv

And which, tho' veil'd, was known to me,
The shape of him I loved, and love
For ever : then flew in a dove
And brought a summons from the sea :

v

And when they learnt that I must go
They wept and wail'd, but led the way
To where a little shallop lay
At anchor in the flood below ;

vi

And on by many a level mead,
And shadowing bluff that made the banks,
We glided winding under ranks
Of iris, and the golden reed ;

vii

And still as vaster grew the shore
And roll'd the floods in grander space,
The maidens gather'd strength and grace
And presence, lordlier than before ;

viii

And I myself, who sat apart
And watch'd them, wax'd in every limb ;
I felt the thews of Anakim,
The pulses of a Titan's heart ;

ix

As one would sing the death of war,
And one would chant the history
Of that great race, which is to be,
And one the shaping of a star ;

x

Until the forward-creeping tides
Began to foam, and we to draw
From deep to deep, to where we saw
A great ship lift her shining sides.

xi

The man we loved was there on deck,
But thrice as large as man he bent
To greet us. Up the side I went,
And fell in silence on his neck :

xii

Whereat those maidens with one mind
Bewail'd their lot ; I did them wrong :
' We served thee here,' they said, ' so long,
And wilt thou leave us now behind ? '

xiii

So rapt I was, they could not win
An answer from my lips, but he
Replying, ' Enter likewise ye
And go with us : ' they enter'd in.

xiv

And while the wind began to sweep
A music out of sheet and shroud,
We steer'd her toward a crimson cloud
That landlike slept along the deep.

CIV

i

THE time draws near the birth of Christ ;
The moon is hid, the night is still ;
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

ii

A single peal of bells below,
That wakens at this hour of rest
A single murmur in the breast,
That these are not the bells I know.

iii

Like strangers' voices here they sound,
In lands where not a memory strays,
Nor landmark breathes of other days,
But all is new unhallow'd ground.

CV

i

TO-NIGHT ungather'd let us leave
This laurel, let this holly stand :
We live within the stranger's land,
And strangely falls our Christmas-eve.

ii

Our father's dust is left alone
And silent under other snows :
There in due time the woodbine blows,
The violet comes, but we are gone.

iii

No more shall wayward grief abuse
The genial hour with mask and mime ;
For change of place, like growth of time,
Has broke the bond of dying use.

iv

Let cares that petty shadows cast,
By which our lives are chiefly proved,
A little spare the night I loved,
And hold it solemn to the past.

v

But let no footstep beat the floor,
Nor bowl of wassail mantle warm ;
For who would keep an ancient form
Thro' which the spirit breathes no more ?

vi

Be neither song, nor game, nor feast ;
Nor harp be touch'd, nor flute be blown ;
No dance, no motion, save alone
What lightens in the lucid east

vii

Of rising worlds by yonder wood.
Long sleeps the summer in the seed ;
Run out your measured arcs, and lead
The closing cycle rich in good.

CVI

i

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light :
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

ii

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

iii

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

iv

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

v

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

vi

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

vii

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

viii

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

CVII

i

IT is the day when he was born,
A bitter day that early sank
Behind a purple-frosty bank
Of vapour, leaving night forlorn.

ii

The time admits not flowers or leaves
To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies
The blast of North and East, and ice
Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

iii

And bristles all the brakes and thorns
To yon hard crescent, as she hangs
Above the wood which grides and clangs
Its leafless ribs and iron horns

iv

Together, in the drifts that pass
To darken on the rolling brine
That breaks the coast. But fetch the wine,
Arrange the board and brim the glass ;

v

Bring in great logs and let them lie,
To make a solid core of heat ;
Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat
Of all things ev'n as he were by ;

vi

We keep the day. With festal cheer,
With books and music, surely we
Will drink to him, whate'er he be,
And sing the songs he loved to hear.

CVIII

i

I WILL not shut me from my kind,
And, lest I stiffen into stone,
I will not eat my heart alone,
Nor feed with sighs a passing wind :

ii

What profit lies in barren faith,
And vacant yearning, tho' with might
To scale the heaven's highest height,
Or dive below the wells of Death ?

iii

What find I in the highest place,
But mine own phantom chanting hymns ?
And on the depths of death there swims
The reflex of a human face.

iv

I'll rather take what fruit may be
Of sorrow under human skies :
'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise,
Whatever wisdom sleep with thee.

CIX

i

HEART-AFFLUENCE in discursive talk
From household fountains never dry ;
The critic clearness of an eye,
That saw thro' all the Muses' walk ;

ii

Seraphic intellect and force
To seize and throw the doubts of man ;
Impassion'd logic, which outran
The hearer in its fiery course ;

iii

High nature amorous of the good,
But touch'd with no ascetic gloom ;
And passion pure in snowy bloom
Thro' all the years of April blood ;

iv

A love of freedom rarely felt,
Of freedom in her regal seat
Of England ; not the schoolboy heat,
The blind hysterics of the Celt ;

v

And manhood fused with female grace
In such a sort, the child would twine
A trustful hand, unask'd, in thine,
And find his comfort in thy face ;

vi

All these have been, and thee mine eyes
Have look'd on : if they look'd in vain.
My shame is greater who remain,
Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.

CX

i

THY converse drew us with delight,
The men of rathe and riper years :
The feeble soul, a haunt of fears,
Forgot his weakness in thy sight.

ii

On thee the loyal-hearted hung,
The proud was half disarm'd of pride,
Nor cared the serpent at thy side
To flicker with his double tongue.

iii

The stern were mild when thou wert by,
The flippant put himself to school
And heard thee, and the brazen fool
Was soften'd, and he knew not why ;

iv

While I, thy nearest, sat apart,
And felt thy triumph was as mine ;
And loved them more, that they were thine,
The graceful tact, the Christian art ;

v

Nor mine the sweetness or the skill,
But mine the love that will not tire,
And, born of love, the vague desire
That spurs an imitative will.

CXI

i

THE churl in spirit, up or down
 Along the scale of ranks, thro' all,
 To him who grasps a golden ball,
By blood a king, at heart a clown ;

ii

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
 His want in forms for fashion's sake,
 Will let his coltish nature break
At seasons thro' the gilded pale :

iii

For who can always act ? but he,
 To whom a thousand memories call,
 Not being less but more than all
The gentleness he seem'd to be,

iv

Best seem'd the thing he was, and join'd
 Each office of the social hour
 To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind ;

v

Nor ever narrowness or spite,
Or villain fancy fleeting by,
Drew in the expression of an eye,
Where God and Nature met in light :

vi

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use.

CXII

i

HIGH wisdom holds my wisdom less,
That I, who gaze with temperate eyes
On glorious insufficiencies,
Set light by narrower perfectness.

ii

But thou, that fillest all the room
Of all my love, art reason why
I seem to cast a careless eye
On souls, the lesser lords of doom.

iii

For what wert thou? some novel power
Sprang up for ever at a touch,
And hope could never hope too much,
In watching thee from hour to hour,

iv

Large elements in order brought,
And tracts of calm from tempest made,
And world-wide fluctuation sway'd
In vassal tides that follow'd thought.

CXIII

i

'TIS held that sorrow makes us wise ;
Yet how much wisdom sleeps with thee
Which not alone had guided me,
But served the seasons that may rise ;

ii

For can I doubt, who knew thee keen
In intellect, with force and skill
To strive, to fashion, to fulfil—
I doubt not what thou wouldst have been :

iii

A life in civic action warm,
A soul on highest mission sent,
A potent voice of Parliament,
A pillar steadfast in the storm,

iv

Should licensed boldness gather force,
Becoming, when the time has birth,
A lever to uplift the earth
And roll it in another course,

v

With thousand shocks that come and go,
With agonies, with energies,
With overthrowings, and with cries
And undulations to and fro.

CXIV

i

WHO loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

ii

But on her forehead sits a fire :
She sets her forward countenance
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.

iii

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain—
She cannot fight the fear of death.
What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain

iv

Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race
For power. Let her know her place ;
She is the second, not the first.

v

A higher hand must make her mild,
If all be not in vain ; and guide
Her footsteps, moving side by side
With wisdom, like the younger child :

vi

For she is earthly of the mind,
But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.
O, friend, who camest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind,

vii

I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity.

CXV

i

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

ii

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

iii

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea ;

iv

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood ; that live their lives

v

From land to land ; and in my breast
 Spring wakens too ; and my regret
 Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

CXVI

i

Is it, then, regret for buried time
That keenlier in sweet April wakes,
And meets the year, and gives and takes
The colours of the crescent prime?

ii

Not all : the songs, the stirring air,
The life re-orient out of dust,
Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust
In that which made the world so fair.

iii

Not all regret : the face will shine
Upon me, while I muse alone ;
And that dear voice, I once have known,
Still speak to me of me and mine :

iv

Yet less of sorrow lives in me
For days of happy commune dead ;
Less yearning for the friendship fled,
Than some strong bond which is to be.

CXVII

i

O DAYS and hours, your work is this,
To hold me from my proper place,
A little while from his embrace,
For fuller gain of after bliss :

ii

That out of distance might ensue
Desire of nearness doubly sweet ;
And unto meeting when we meet,
Delight a hundredfold accrue,

iii

For every grain of sand that runs,
And every span of shade that steals,
And every kiss of toothed wheels,
And all the courses of the suns.

CXVIII

i

CONTEMPLATE all this work of Time,
The giant labouring in his youth ;
Nor dream of human love and truth,
As dying Nature's earth and lime ;

ii

But trust that those we call the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends. They say,
The solid earth whereon we tread

iii

In tracts of fluent heat began,
And grew to seeming-random forms,
And seeming prey of cyclic storms,
Till at the last arose the man ;

iv

Who throve and branch'd from clime to clime,
The herald of a higher race,
And of himself in higher place,
If so he type this work of time

v

Within himself, from more to more ;
Or, crown'd with attributes of woe
Like glories, move his course, and show
That life is not as idle ore,

vi

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

vii

To shape and use. Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast ;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

CXIX

i

DOORS, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, not as one that weeps
I come once more ; the city sleeps ;
I smell the meadow in the street ;

ii

I hear a chirp of birds ; I see
Betwixt the black fronts long-withdrawn
A light-blue lane of early dawn,
And think of early days and thee,

iii

And bless thee, for thy lips are bland,
And bright the friendship of thine eye ;
And in my thoughts with scarce a sigh
I take the pressure of thine hand.

CXX

i

I TRUST I have not wasted breath :

I think we are not wholly brain,
Magnetic mockeries ; not in vain,
Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death ;

ii

Not only cunning casts in clay :

Let Science prove we are, and then
What matters Science unto men,
At least to me ? I would not stay.

iii

Let him, the wiser man who springs
Hereafter, up from childhood shape
His action like the greater ape,
But I was *born* to other things.

CXXI

i

SAD Hesper o'er the buried sun
And ready, thou, to die with him,
Thou watchest all things ever dim
And dimmer, and a glory done :

ii

The team is loosen'd from the wain,
The boat is drawn upon the shore ;
Thou listenest to the closing door,
And life is darken'd in the brain.

iii

Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night,
By thee the world's great work is heard
Beginning, and the wakeful bird ;
Behind thee comes the greater light :

iv

The market boat is on the stream,
And voices hail it from the brink ;
Thou hear'st the village hammer clink,
And see'st the moving of the team.

v

Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name
For what is one, the first, the last,
Thou, like my present and my past,
Thy place is changed ; thou art the same.

CXXII

i

OH, wast thou with me, dearest, then,
While I rose up against my doom,
And yearn'd to burst the folded gloom,
To bare the eternal Heavens again,

ii

To feel once more, in placid awe,
The strong imagination roll
A sphere of stars about my soul
In all her motion one with law ;

iii

If thou wert with me, and the grave
Divide us not, be with me now,
And enter in at breast and brow,
Till all my blood, a fuller wave,

iv

Be quicken'd with a livelier breath,
And like an inconsiderate boy,
As in the former flash of joy,
I slip the thoughts of life and death ;

v

And all the breeze of Fancy blows,
And every dew-drop paints a bow,
The wizard lightnings deeply glow,
And every thought breaks out a rose.

CXXIII

i

THERE rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen !
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

ii

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands ;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

iii

But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it true ;
For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

CXXIV

i

THAT which we dare invoke to bless ;
Our dearest faith ; our ghastliest doubt ;
He, They, One, All ; within, without ;
The Power in darkness whom we guess ;

ii

I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye ;
Nor thro' the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun :

iii

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice 'believe no more'
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep ;

iv

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd 'I have felt.'

v

No, like a child in doubt and fear :
But that blind clamour made me wise ;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near ;

vi

And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands ;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' nature, moulding men.

CXXV

i

WHATEVER I have said or sung,
Some bitter notes my harp would give,
Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live
A contradiction on the tongue,

ii

Yet Hope had never lost her youth ;
She did but look through dimmer eyes ;
Or Love but play'd with gracious lies,
Because he felt so fix'd in truth :

iii

And if the song were full of care,
He breathed the spirit of the song ;
And if the words were sweet and strong
He set his royal signet there ;

iv

Abiding with me till I sail
To seek thee on the mystic deeps,
And this electric force, that keeps
A thousand pulses dancing, fail.

CXXVI

i

LOVE is and was my Lord and King,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

ii

Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

iii

And here at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

CXXVII

i

AND all is well, tho' faith and form
Be sunder'd in the night of fear ;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm,

ii

Proclaiming social truth shall spread,
And justice, ev'n tho' thrice again
The red fool-fury of the Seine
Should pile her barricades with dead.

iii

But ill for him that wears a crown,
And him, the lazar, in his rags :
They tremble, the sustaining crags ;
The spires of ice are toppled down,

iv

And molten up, and roar in flood ;
The fortress crashes from on high,
The brute earth lightens to the sky,
And the great Æon sinks in blood,

v

And compass'd by the fires of Hell ;
While thou, dear spirit, happy star,
O'erlook'st the tumult from afar,
And smilest, knowing all is well.

CXXVIII

i

THE love that rose on stronger wings,
Unpalsied when he met with Death,
Is comrade of the lesser faith
That sees the course of human things.

ii

No doubt vast eddies in the flood
Of onward time shall yet be made,
And throned races may degrade ;
Yet O ye mysteries of good,

iii

Wild Hours that fly with Hope and Fear,
If all your office had to do
With old results that look like new ;
If this were all your mission here,

iv

To draw, to sheathe a useless sword,
To fool the crowd with glorious lies,
To cleave a creed in sects and cries,
To change the bearing of a word,

v

To shift an arbitrary power,
 To cramp the student at his desk,
 To make old bareness picturesque
And tuft with grass a feudal tower ;

vi

Why then my scorn might well descend
 On you and yours. I see in part
 That all, as in some piece of art,
Is toil cöoperant to an end.

CXXIX

i

DEAR friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near in woe and weal ;
O loved the most, when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher ;

ii

Known and unknown ; human, divine ;
Sweet human hand and lips and eye ;
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine ;

iii

Strange friend, past, present, and to be ;
Loved deeper, darklier understood ;
Behold, I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee.

CXXX

i

THY voice is on the rolling air ;
I hear thee where the waters run ;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

ii

What art thou then ? I cannot guess ;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less :

iii

My love involves the love before ;
My love is vaster passion now ;
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

iv

Far off thou art, but ever nigh ;
I have thee still, and I rejoice ;
I prosper, circled with thy voice ;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

CXXXI

i

O LIVING will that shalt endure
 When all that seems shall suffer shock,
 Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

ii

That we may lift from out of dust
 A voice as unto him that hears,
 A cry above the conquer'd years
To one that with us works, and trust,

iii

With faith that comes of self-control,
 The truths that never can be proved
 Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

i

O TRUE and tried, so well and long,
Demand not thou a marriage lay ;
In that it is thy marriage day
Is music more than any song.

ii

Nor have I felt so much of bliss
Since first he told me that he loved
A daughter of our house ; nor proved
Since that dark day a day like this ;

iii

Tho' I since then have number'd o'er
Some thrice three years : they went and came,
Remade the blood and changed the frame,
And yet is love not less, but more ;

iv

No longer caring to embalm
In dying songs a dead regret,
But like a statue solid-set,
And moulded in colossal calm.

v

Regret is dead, but love is more
Than in the summers that are flown,
For I myself with these have grown
To something greater than before ;

vi

Which makes appear the songs I made
As echoes out of weaker times,
As half but idle brawling rhymes,
The sport of random sun and shade.

vii

But where is she, the bridal flower,
That must be made a wife ere noon ?
She enters, glowing like the moon
Of Eden on its bridal bower :

viii

On me she bends her blissful eyes
And then on thee ; they meet thy look
And brighten like the star that shook
Betwixt the palms of paradise.

ix

O when her life was yet in bud,
He too foretold the perfect rose.
For thee she grew, for thee she grows
For ever, and as fair as good.

x

And thou art worthy ; full of power ;
As gentle ; liberal-minded, great,
Consistent ; wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.

xi

But now set out : the noon is near,
And I must give away the bride ;
She fears not, or with thee beside
And me behind her, will not fear.

xii

For I that danced her on my knee,
That watch'd her on her nurse's arm,
That shielded all her life from harm
At last must part with her to thee ;

xiii

Now waiting to be made a wife,
Her feet, my darling, on the dead ;
Their pensive tablets round her head,
And the most living words of life

xiv

Breathed in her ear. The ring is on,
The ' wilt thou ' answer'd, and again
The ' wilt thou ' ask'd, till out of twain
Her sweet ' I will ' has made you one.

xv

Now sign your names, which shall be read,
Mute symbols of a joyful morn,
By village eyes as yet unborn ;
The names are sign'd, and overhead

xvi

Begins the clash and clang that tells
The joy to every wandering breeze ;
The blind wall rocks, and on the trees
The dead leaf trembles to the bells.

xvii

O happy hour, and happier hours
Await them. Many a merry face
Salutes them—maidens of the place,
That pelt us in the porch with flowers.

xviii

O happy hour, behold the bride
With him to whom her hand I gave.
They leave the porch, they pass the grave
That has to-day its sunny side.

xix

To-day the grave is bright for me,
For them the light of life increased,
Who stay to share the morning feast,
Who rest to-night beside the sea.

xx

Let all my genial spirits advance
To meet and greet a whiter sun ;
My drooping memory will not shun
The foaming grape of eastern France.

xxi

It circles round, and fancy plays,
And hearts are warm'd and faces bloom,
As drinking health to bride and groom
We wish them store of happy days.

xxii

Nor count me all to blame if I
Conjecture of a stiller guest,
Perchance, perchance, among the rest,
And, tho' in silence, wishing joy.

xxiii

But they must go, the time draws on,
And those white-favour'd horses wait ;
They rise, but linger ; it is late ;
Farewell, we kiss, and they are gone.

xxiv

A shade falls on us like the dark
From little cloudlets on the grass,
But sweeps away as out we pass
To range the woods, to roam the park,

xxv

Discussing how their courtship grew,
And talk of others that are wed,
And how she look'd, and what he said,
And back we come at fall of dew.

xxvi

Again the feast, the speech, the glee,
The shade of passing thought, the wealth
Of words and wit, the double health,
The crowning cup, the three-times-three,

xxvii

And last the dance ;—till I retire :
Dumb is that tower which spake so loud,
And high in heaven the streaming cloud,
And on the downs a rising fire :

xxviii

And rise, O moon, from yonder down,
Till over down and over dale
All night the shining vapour sail
And pass the silent-lighted town,

xxix

The white-faced halls, the glancing rills,
And catch at every mountain head,
And o'er the friths that branch and spread
Their sleeping silver thro' the hills ;

xxx

And touch with shade the bridal doors,
 With tender gloom the roof, the wall ;
 And breaking let the splendour fall
To spangle all the happy shores

xxxi

By which they rest, and ocean sounds,
 And, star and system rolling past,
 A soul shall draw from out the vast
And strike his being into bounds,

xxxii

And, moved thro' life of lower phase,
 Result in man, be born and think,
 And act and love, a closer link
Betwixt us and the crowning race

xxxiii

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
 On knowledge ; under whose command
 Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand
Is Nature like an open book ;

xxxiv

No longer half-akin to brute,
 For all we thought and loved and did,
 And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit ;

xxxv

Whereof the man, that with me trod
This planet, was a noble type
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God,

xxxvi

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

EDITED BY HALLAM, LORD TENNYSON

INTRODUCTION BY THE EDITOR

Unborn, undying Love,
Thou foldest like a golden atmosphere
The very Throne of the Eternal God.

HALF a mile to the south of Clevedon in Somersetshire, on a lonely hill, stands Clevedon Church, 'obscure and solitary,' overlooking a wide expanse of water, where the Severn flows into the Bristol Channel. It is dedicated to St. Andrew, the chancel being the original fishermen's chapel.

From the graveyard you can hear the music of the tide as it washes against the low cliffs not a hundred yards away. In the manor aisle of the church, under which is the vault of the Hallams, may be read this epitaph to Arthur Hallam, written by his father :

TO
THE MEMORY OF
ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM
ELDEST SON OF HENRY HALLAM ESQUIRE
AND OF JULIA MARIA HIS WIFE
DAUGHTER OF SIR ABRAHAM ELTON BARONET
OF CLEVEDON COURT

WHO WAS SNATCHED AWAY BY SUDDEN DEATH
 AT VIENNA ON SEPTEMBER 15TH 1833
 IN THE TWENTY-THIRD YEAR OF HIS AGE
 AND NOW IN THIS OBSCURE AND SOLITARY CHURCH
 REPOSE THE MORTAL REMAINS OF
 ONE TOO EARLY LOST FOR PUBLIC FAME
 BUT ALREADY CONSPICUOUS AMONG HIS CONTEMPORARIES
 FOR THE BRIGHTNESS OF HIS GENIUS
 THE DEPTH OF HIS UNDERSTANDING
 THE NOBLENES OF HIS DISPOSITION
 THE FERVOUR OF HIS PIETY
 AND THE PURITY OF HIS LIFE
 VALE DULCISIME
 VALE DILECTISSIME DESIDERATISSIME
 REQUIESCAS IN PACE
 PATER AC MATER HIC POSTHAC REQUIESCAMUS TECUM
 USQUE AD TUBAM

In this part of the church there is also another tablet to the memory of Henry Hallam, the epitaph written by my father : who thought the simpler the epitaph, the better it would become the simple and noble man, whose work speaks for him :

HERE WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN RESTS
 HENRY HALLAM THE HISTORIAN)

It was not until May 1850 that *In Memoriam* was printed and given to a few friends. Shortly afterwards the poem was published, first of all anonymously, but the authorship was soon discovered.

The earliest jottings, begun in 1833, of the 'Elegies,' as they were then called, were nearly lost in a London lodging, for my father was always careless about his manuscripts.

At first the reviews of the volume were not on the whole sympathetic. One critic in a leading journal, for instance, considered that 'a great deal of poetic feeling had been wasted,' and 'much shallow art spent on the tenderness shown to an Amaryllis of the Chancery Bar.' Another referred to the poem as follows : 'These touching lines evidently come from the full heart of the widow of a military man.' However, men like Maurice and Robertson

thought that the author had made a definite step towards the unification of the highest religion and philosophy with the progressive science of the day; and that he was the one poet who 'through almost the agonies of a death-struggle' had made an effective stand against his own doubts and difficulties and those of the time, 'on behalf of those first principles which underlie all creeds, which belong to our earliest childhood, and on which the wisest and best have rested through all ages; that all is right; that darkness shall be clear; that God and Time are the only interpreters; that Love is King; that the Immortal is in us; that, which is the keynote of the whole, "All is well, tho' Faith and Form be sundered in the night of Fear."' Scientific leaders like Herschel, Owen, Sedgwick and Tyndall regarded him as a champion of Science, and cheered him with words of genuine admiration for his love of Nature, for the eagerness with which he welcomed all the latest scientific discoveries, and for his trust in truth. Science indeed in his opinion was one of the main forces tending to disperse the superstition that still darkens the world. A review which he thought one of the ablest was that by Mr. Gladstone. From this review I quote the following to show that in Gladstone's opinion my father had not over-estimated Arthur Hallam:

'In 1850 Mr. Tennyson gave to the world under the title of *In Memoriam*, perhaps the richest oblation ever offered by the affection of friendship at the tomb of the departed. The memory of Arthur Henry Hallam, who died suddenly in 1833, at the age of twenty-two, will doubtless live chiefly in connection with this volume. But he is well known to have been one who, if the term of his days had been prolonged, would have needed no aid from a friendly hand, would have built his own enduring monument, and would have bequeathed to his country a name in all likelihood greater than that of his very distinguished father. The writer of this paper was, more than half a century ago, in a condition to say

"I marked him

As a far Alp; and loved to watch the sunrise
Dawn on his ample brow."¹

¹ De Vere's *Mary Tudor*, iv. 1.

‘There perhaps was no one among those who were blessed with his friendship, nay, as we see, not even Mr. Tennyson,¹ who did not feel at once bound closely to him by commanding affection, and left far behind by the rapid, full and rich development of his ever-searching mind; by his

“All-comprehensive tenderness,
All-subtilising intellect.”

‘It would be easy to show what in the varied forms of human excellence, he might, had life been granted him, have accomplished; much more difficult to point the finger and to say, “This he never could have done.” Enough remains from among his early efforts, to accredit whatever mournful witness may now be borne of him. But what can be a nobler tribute than this, that for seventeen years after his death a poet, fast rising towards the lofty summits of his art, found that young fading image the richest source of his inspiration, and of thoughts that gave him buoyancy for a flight such as he had not hitherto attained.’²

The late Bishop Westcott and Professor Henry Sidgwick wrote me interesting letters which respectively give the impressions the poem made on Cambridge men in 1850, and in 1860, and I quote them *in extenso*.

The Bishop writes:

‘When *In Memoriam* appeared, I felt (as I feel if possible more strongly now) that the hope of man lies in the historic realisation of the Gospel. I rejoiced in the Introduction, which appeared to me to be the mature summing up after an interval of the many strains of thought in the “Elegies.” Now the stress of controversy is over, I think so still. As I look at my original copy of *In Memoriam*, I recognise that what impressed me most was your father’s splendid faith (in the face of the frankest acknowledgment of every difficulty) in the growing purpose of the sum of life, and in the noble destiny of the individual man as he offers himself for the fulfilment of his little part (LIV., LXXXI., LXXXII. and the closing stanzas). This faith has now largely entered into our common life, and it seems to me to express

¹ See *In Memoriam*, CIX., CX., CXI., CXII., CXIII.

² Gladstone’s *Gleanings of Past Years*, vol. ii. pp. 136, 137.

a lesson of the Gospel which the circumstances of all time encourage us to master.'

Professor Sidgwick writes :

'After thinking over the matter, it has seemed to me better to write to you a somewhat different kind of letter from that which I originally designed : a letter not primarily intended for publication, though I wish you to feel at liberty to print any part of it which you may find suitable, but primarily intended to serve rather as a "document" on which you may base any statements you may wish to make as to the impression produced by *In Memoriam*. I have decided to adopt this course : because I want to write with rather more frank egotism than I should otherwise like to show. I want to do this, because in describing the impression made on me by the poem, I ought to make clear the point of view from which I approached it, and the attitude of thought which I retained under its influence. In what follows I shall be describing chiefly my own experiences ; but I shall allow myself sometimes to say "we" rather than "I," meaning by "we" my generation, as known to me, through converse with intimate friends.

'To begin, then : our views on religious matters were not, at any rate after a year or two of the discussion started in 1860 by *Essays and Reviews*, really in harmony with those which we found suggested by *In Memoriam*. They were more sceptical and less Christian, in any strict sense of the word : certainly this was the case with myself : I remember feeling that Clough *represented* my individual habits of thought and sentiment more than your father, although as a poet he *moved* me less. And this more sceptical attitude has remained mine through life ; while at the same time I feel that the beliefs in God and in immortality are vital to human well-being.

'Hence the most important influence of *In Memoriam* on my thought, apart from its poetic charm as an expression of personal emotion, opened in a region, if I may so say, deeper down than the difference between Theism and Christianity : it lay in the unparalleled combination of intensity of feeling with comprehensiveness of view and balance of judgment, shown in presenting the *deepest* needs and perplexities of humanity. And this influence, I find,

has increased rather than diminished as years have gone on, and as the great issues between Agnostic Science and Faith have become continually more prominent. In the sixties I should say that these deeper issues were somewhat obscured by the discussions on Christian dogma, and Inspiration of Scripture, etc. You may remember Browning's reference to this period —

“The Essays and Reviews debate
Begins to tell on the public mind
And Colenso's words have weight.”

‘During these years we were absorbed in struggling for freedom of thought in the trammels of a historical religion : and perhaps what we sympathised with most in *In Memoriam* at this time, apart from the personal feeling, was the defence of “honest doubt,” the reconciliation of knowledge and faith in the introductory poem, and the hopeful trumpet-ring of the lines on the New Year —

Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace,

and generally the *forward* movement of the thought.

‘Well, the years pass, the struggle with what Carlyle used to call “Hebrew old clothes” is over, Freedom is won, and what does Freedom bring us to? It brings us face to face with atheistic science ; the faith in God and Immortality, which we had been struggling to clear from superstition, suddenly seems to be *in the air* : and in seeking for a firm basis for this faith we find ourselves in the midst of the “fight with death” which *In Memoriam* so powerfully presents.

‘What *In Memoriam* did for us, for me at least, in this struggle was to impress on us the ineffaceable and ineradicable conviction that *humanity* will not and cannot acquiesce in a godless world : the “man in men” will not do this, whatever individual men may do, whatever they may temporarily feel themselves driven to do, by following methods which they cannot abandon to the conclusions to which these methods at present seem to lead.

‘The force with which it impressed this conviction was not due to the *mere intensity* of its expression of the feelings which Atheism outrages and Agnosticism ignores : but

rather to its expression of them along with a reverent docility to the lessons of science which also belongs to the essence of the thought of our age.

‘I remember being struck with a note in *Nature*, at the time of your father’s death, which dwelt on this last-mentioned aspect of his work, and regarded him as pre-eminently the Poet of Science. I have always felt this characteristic important in estimating his effect on his generation. Wordsworth’s attitude towards Nature was one that, so to say, left Science unregarded: the Nature for which Wordsworth stirred our feelings was Nature as known by simple observation and interpreted by religious and sympathetic intuition. But for your father the physical world is always the world as known to us through physical science: the scientific view of it dominates his thoughts about it: and his general acceptance of this view is real and sincere, even when he utters the intensest feeling of its inadequacy to satisfy our deepest needs. Had it been otherwise, had he met the atheistic tendencies of modern Science with more confident defiance, more confident assertion of an Intuitive Faculty of theological knowledge, overriding the results laboriously reached by empirical science, I think his antagonism to these tendencies would have been far less impressive.

‘I always feel this strongly in reading the memorable lines:

“If e’er, when faith had fallen asleep” down to “I have felt.”¹

‘At this point, if the stanzas had stopped here, we should have shaken our heads and said, “Feeling must not usurp the function of Reason. Feeling is not knowing. It is the duty of a rational being to follow truth wherever it leads.”

‘But the poet’s instinct knows this; he knows that this usurpation by Feeling of the function of Reason is too bold and confident; accordingly in the next stanza he gives the turn to humility in the protest of Feeling which is required (I think) to win the assent of the “man in men” at this stage of human thought.

‘These lines I can never read without tears. I feel in them the indestructible and inalienable minimum of faith which humanity cannot give up because it is necessary for

¹ See cxxiv, iii. iv. and v.

life ; and which I know that I, at least so far as the man in me is deeper than the methodical thinker, cannot give up.

‘ If the possibility of a “godless world ” is excluded, the faith thus restored is, for the poet, unquestionably a form of Christian faith : there seems to him then no reason for doubting that the

Sinless years

That breathed beneath the Syrian blue,

and the marvel of the life continued after the bodily death, were a manifestation of the “immortal love” which by faith we embrace as the essence of the Divine nature. “ If the dead rise not, Christ is not risen ” : but if we may believe that they rise, then it seems to him, we may and must believe the main drift of the Gospel story ; though we may transiently wonder why the risen Lord told His disciples only of life, and nothing of “ what it is to die.” ¹

‘ From this point of view the note of Christian faith struck in the introductory stanzas is in harmony with all that follows. And yet I have always felt that in a certain sense the effect of the introduction does not quite represent the effect of the poem. Faith, in the introduction, is too completely triumphant. I think this is inevitable, because so far as the thought-debate presented by the poem is summed up, it must be summed up on the side of Faith. Faith must give the last word : but the last word is not the whole utterance of the truth : the whole truth is that assurance and doubt must alternate in the moral world in which we at present live, somewhat as night and day alternate in the physical world. The revealing visions come and go ; when they come we *feel* that we *know* : but in the intervals we must pass through states in which all is dark, and in which we can only struggle to hold the conviction that

Power is with us in the night
Which makes the darkness and the light
And dwells not in the light alone.’

‘ It must be remembered,’ writes my father, ‘ that this is a poem, *not* an actual biography. It is founded on our friendship, on the engagement of Arthur Hallam to my

¹ See Browning’s ‘ Epistle containing the Strange Medical Experience of Karshish.’

sister, on his sudden death at Vienna, just before the time fixed for their marriage, and on his burial at Clevedon Church. The poem concludes with the marriage of my youngest sister Cecilia. It was meant to be a kind of *Divina Commedia*, ending with happiness. The sections were written at many different places, and as the phases of our intercourse came to my memory and suggested them. I did not write them with any view of weaving them into a whole, or for publication, until I found that I had written so many. The different moods of sorrow as in a drama are dramatically given, and my conviction that fear, doubts, and suffering will find answer and relief only through Faith in a God of Love. "I" is not always the author speaking of himself, but the voice of the human race speaking thro' him. After the death of A. H. H., the divisions of the poem are made by First Xmas Eve (Section XXVIII.), Second Xmas (LXXVIII.¹), Third Xmas Eve (CIV. and CV. etc.). I myself did not see Clevedon till years after the burial of A. H. H. (Jan. 3rd, 1834), and then in later editions of *In Memoriam* I altered the word "chancel," which was the word used by Mr. Hallam in his Memoir, to "dark church." As to the localities in which the poems were written, some were written in Lincolnshire, some in London, Essex, Gloucestershire, Wales, anywhere where I happened to be.

'And as for the metre of *In Memoriam* I had no notion till 1880 that Lord Herbert of Cherbury had written his occasional verses in the same metre. I believed myself the originator of the metre, until after *In Memoriam* came out, when some one told me that Ben Jonson and Sir Philip Sidney had used it. The following poems were omitted from *In Memoriam* when I published, because I thought them redundant.'²

THE GRAVE (originally No. LVII.)

(*Unpublished.*)

I keep no more a lone distress,
The crowd have come to see thy grave,
Small thanks or credit shall I have,
But these shall see it none the less.

¹ No. LXXII. refers to the first anniversary of the death, Sept. 15th, 1833. No. CII. to the farewell of the family to Somersby in 1837.

² 'O sorrow, wilt thou live with me' was added in 1851.

The happy maiden's tears are free
And she will weep and give them way;
Yet one unschool'd in want will say
'The dead are dead and let them be.'

Another whispers sick with loss;
'O let the simple slab remain!
The "Mercy Jesu" ¹ in the rain!
The "Miserere" ¹ in the moss!

'I love the daisy weeping dew,
I hate the trim-set plots of art!'
My friend, thou speakest from the heart,
But look, for these are nature too.

TO A. H. H. (originally No. CVIII.)

(*Unpublished.*)

Young is the grief I entertain,
And ever new the tale she tells,
And ever young the face that dwells
With reason cloister'd in the brain:

Yet grief deserves a nobler name,
She spurs an imitative will;
'Tis shame to fail so far, and still
My failing shall be less my shame.

Considering what mine eyes have seen,
And all the sweetness which thou wast,
And thy beginnings in the past,
And all the strength thou would'st have been:

A master mind with master minds,
An orb repulsive of all hate,
A will concentric with all fate,
A life four-square to all the winds.

¹ As seen by me in Tintern Abbey.

THE VICTOR HOURS (originally No. cxxvii.)
(*Unpublished.*)

Are those the far-famed Victor Hours
That ride to death the griefs of men ?
I fear not, if I fear'd them then; —
Is this blind flight the wingèd Powers?

Behold, ye cannot bring but good,
And see, ye dare not touch the truth,
Nor Sorrow beauteous in her youth,
Nor Love that holds a constant mood.

Ye must be wiser than your looks,
Or wise yourselves or wisdom-led,
Else this wide whisper round my head
Were idler than a flight of rooks.

Go forward ! crumble down a throne,
Dissolve a world, condense a star,
Unsocket all the joints of war,
And fuse the peoples into one.

That my father was a student of the Bible, those who have read *In Memoriam* know. He also eagerly read all notable works within his reach relating to the Bible, and traced with deep interest such fundamental truths as underlie the great religions of the world. He hoped that the Bible would be more and more studied by all ranks of people, and expounded simply by their teachers ; for he maintained that the religion of a people could never be founded on mere moral philosophy : and that it could only come home to them in the simple, noble thoughts and facts of a Scripture like ours.

Soon after his marriage he took to reading different systems of philosophy, yet none particularly influenced him. The result I think is shown in a more ordered arrangement of religious, metaphysical and scientific thought throughout the *Idylls* and his later works. 'In Poems like "De Profundis" and the "Ancient Sage,"' Jowett said,

'he often brings up metaphysical truths from the deepest depths.' But as a rule he knew that poetry must touch on metaphysical topics rather by allusion than systematically. In the following pages I shall not give any of his subtler arguments; but only attempt to illustrate from *In Memoriam*, with some of the other poems, and from his conversation, the *general* everyday attitude of his mind toward the highest problems that confront us. In dealing with these none was readier in the discovery of fallacies, none was more resolute in proclaiming what seemed to him realities.

His creed, he always said, he would not formulate, for people would not understand him if he did; but he considered that his poems expressed the principles at the foundation of his faith.

He thought, with Arthur Hallam, that 'the essential feelings of religion subsist in the utmost diversity of forms,' that 'different language does not always imply different opinions, nor different opinions any difference in *real* faith.' 'It is impossible,' he said, 'to imagine that the Almighty will ask you, when you come before Him in the next life, what your particular form of creed was: but the question will rather be, "Have you been true to yourself, and given in My Name a cup of cold water to one of these little ones?"'

'This is a terrible age of unfaith,' he would say. 'I hate utter unfaith, I cannot endure that men should sacrifice everything at the cold altar of what with their imperfect knowledge they choose to call truth and reason. One can easily lose all belief, through giving up the continual thought and care for spiritual things.'

Again, 'I tell you the nation without faith is doomed; mere intellectual life—however advanced or however perfected—will not fill the void.'

And again, 'In this vale of Time the hills of Time often shut out the mountains of Eternity.'

My father's friend, the Bishop of Ripon, writes:

'With those who are impatient of *all* spiritual truth he had no sympathy whatever; but he had a sympathy with those who were impatient of the formal statement of truth, only because he felt that all formal statements of truth must of necessity fall below the greatness and the grandeur

of the truth itself. There is a reverent impatience of forms, and there is an irreverent impatience of them. An irreverent impatience of formal dogma means impatience of all spiritual truth; but a reverent impatience of formal dogma may be but the expression of the feeling that the truth must be larger, purer, nobler than any mere human expression or definition of it. With this latter attitude of mind he had sympathy, and he expressed that sympathy in song: he could understand those who seemed

To have reach'd a purer air,
Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form.

'He urged men to "cling to faith, beyond the forms of faith."¹ But while he did this he also recognized clearly the importance and the value of definitions of truth, and his counsel to the very man who prided himself upon his emancipation from forms was:

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy views;
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.

Her faith thro' form is pure as thine,
Her hands are quicker unto good:
Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood
To which she links a truth divine!²

¹ Cf. *Memoir*, vol. ii. ch. xxiii. In his view of the gospel of Christ he found his Christianity undisturbed by jarring of sects and of creeds; but he said, 'I dread the losing hold of forms. I have expressed this in my "Akbar." There must be forms, but I hate the need for so many sects and separate shrines.' 'The life after death, Lightfoot and I agreed, is the cardinal point of Christianity. I believe that God reveals Himself in every individual soul, and my idea of heaven is the perpetual ministry of one soul to another.'

² Jowett wrote about my father's 'defence of honest doubt' as compared with this passage: 'Can we find any reconciliation of these varying utterances of the same mind? I think that we may. For we may argue that truth kept back is the greatest source of doubt and suspicion: that faith cannot survive without enquiry, and that the doubt which is raised may be the step upward to a higher faith. And so we arrive at the conclusion that truth is good, and to be received thankfully and fearlessly by all who are capable of receiving it. But on the other hand it is not always to be imparted in its entirety to those who cannot understand it, and whose minds would be puzzled and overwhelmed by it.'

‘He warned the man proud of his emancipation from formal faith, that in a world of so many confusions he might meet with ruin, “Ev’n for want of such a type.” And we are not surprised, knowing how insidious are the evil influences which gather round us :

Hold thou the good ; define it well,
For fear Divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procuress to the lords of Hell.

‘And thus he had sympathy with those who feel that faith is larger and nobler than form, and at the same time he had tenderness and appreciation for those who find their faith helped by form. To him, as to so many, truth is so infinitely great that all we can do with our poor human utterances is to try and clothe it in such language as will make it clear to ourselves, and clear to those to whom God sends us with a message, but meanwhile, above us and our thoughts — above our broken lights — God in His mercy, God in His love, God in His infinite nature is greater than all.’

Assuredly Religion was no nebulous abstraction for him. He consistently emphasized his own belief in what he called the Eternal Truths ; in an Omnipotent, Omnipresent and All-loving God, Who has revealed Himself through the human attribute of the highest self-sacrificing love ; in the freedom of the human will ; and in the immortality of the soul. But he asserted that ‘Nothing worthy proving can be proven,’ and that even as to the great laws which are the basis of Science, ‘We have but faith, we cannot know.’ He dreaded the dogmatism of sects and rash definitions of God. ‘I dare hardly name His Name,’ he would say, and accordingly he named Him in ‘The Ancient Sage’ the ‘Nameless.’ ‘But take away belief in the self-conscious personality of God,’ he said, ‘and you take away the backbone of the world.’ ‘On God and God-like men we build our trust.’ A week before his death I was sitting by him, and he talked long of the Personality and of the Love of God, ‘That God, Whose eyes consider the poor,’ ‘Who catereth even for the sparrow.’ ‘I should,’ he said, ‘infinitely rather feel myself the most miserable wretch on the face of the earth with a God above, than the highest

type of man standing alone.' He would allow that God is unknowable in 'his whole world-self, and all-in-all,' and that therefore there was some force in the objection made by some people to the word 'Personality,' as being 'anthropomorphic,' and that perhaps 'Self-consciousness' or 'Mind' might be clearer to them: but at the same time he insisted that, although 'man is like a thing of nought' in 'the boundless plan,' our highest view of God must be more or less anthropomorphic: and that 'Personality,' as far as our intelligence goes, is the widest definition and includes 'Mind,' 'Self-consciousness,' 'Will,' 'Love,' and other attributes of the Real, the Supreme, 'the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth Eternity Whose name is Holy.'

Jowett asked him to write an anthem about God for Balliol Chapel, and he wrote 'The Human Cry':

We feel we are nothing — for all is Thou and in Thee;
We feel we are something — *that* also has come from Thee;
We know we are nothing — but Thou wilt help us to be.
Hallowed be Thy name — Hallelujah!

When his last book was in proof, we spoke together of the ultimate expression of his own calm faith at the end of his life:

That Love which is and was
My Father and my Brother and my God.

Everywhere throughout the Universe he saw the glory and greatness of God, and the science of Nature was particularly dear to him. Every new fact which came within his range was carefully weighed. As he exulted in the wilder aspects of Nature (see for instance Sect. xv.) and revelled in the thunderstorm; so he felt a joy in her orderliness; he felt a rest in her steadfastness, patient progress and hopefulness; the same seasons ever returned; the same stars wheeled in their courses; the flowers and trees blossomed and the birds sang yearly in their appointed months; and he had a triumphant appreciation of her ever-new revelations of beauty. One of the *In Memoriam* poems, LXXXVI., written at Barmouth, gives pre-eminently his sense of the joyous peace in Nature,¹ and he would quote it in this context along with his Spring and Bird songs.

¹ See also Sections LXXXVIII., LXXXIX., XCI, CXV., CXVI., CXXI., CXXII.

But he was occasionally much troubled with the intellectual problem of the apparent profusion and waste of life, and by the vast amount of sin and suffering throughout the world, for these seemed to militate against the idea of the Omnipotent and All-loving Father.

No doubt in such moments he might possibly have been heard to say what I myself have heard him say: 'An Omnipotent Creator Who could make such a painful world is to me *sometimes* as hard to believe in as to believe in blind matter behind everything. The lavish profusion too in the natural world appals me, from the growths of the tropical forest to the capacity of man to multiply, the torrent of babies.'

'I can almost understand some of the Gnostic heresies, which only after all put the difficulty one step further back':

O me! for why is all around us here
As if some lesser god had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would,
Till the High God behold it from beyond
And enter it, and make it beautiful?¹

After one of these moods in the summer of 1892 he exclaimed: 'Yet God *is* love, transcendent, all-pervading! We do not get *this* faith from Nature or the world. If we look at Nature alone, full of perfection and imperfection, she tells us that God is disease, murder and rapine. We get this faith from ourselves, from what is highest within us, which recognizes that there is not one fruitless pang, just as there is not one lost good.'

He had been reading the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and said that he thought that St. Paul fully recognized in the sorrows of Nature and in the miseries of the world a stumbling-block to the divine idea of God, but that they are the preludes necessary, as things are, to the higher good. 'For myself,' he said, 'the world is the shadow of God.'

My father invariably believed that humility² is the only

¹ He would sometimes put forward the old theory that 'The world is part of an infinite plan, incomplete because it is a part. We cannot therefore read the riddle.'

² 'Almost the finest summing up of Religion is "to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God."—A. T.

He often quoted Newton's saying that we are like children picking up pebbles on the shore of the Infinite Ocean.

true attitude of the human soul, and therefore spoke with the greatest reserve of what he called 'these unfathomable mysteries,' as befitting one who did not dogmatise, but who knew that the Finite can by no means grasp the Infinite: 'Dark is the world to thee,¹ thyself is the reason why'; and yet, he had a profound trust that when all is seen face to face, all will be seen as the best. 'Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that Power which alone is great.' 'Who knows whether Revelation be not itself a veil to hide the Glory of that Love which we could not look upon, without marring the sight and our onward progress?'

This faith was to him the breath of life, and never, I feel, really failed him, or life itself would have failed.

Free-will and its relation to the meaning of human life and to circumstance was latterly one of his most common subjects of conversation. Free-will was undoubtedly, he said, the 'main miracle, apparently an act of self-limitation by the Infinite, and yet a revelation by Himself of Himself.' 'Take away the sense of individual responsibility and men sink into pessimism and madness.' He wrote at the end of the poem 'Despair': 'In my boyhood I came across the Calvinist Creed, and assuredly however unfathomable the mystery, if one cannot believe in the freedom of the human will as of the Divine, life is hardly worth having.' The lines that he oftenest repeated about Free-will were:

'This main miracle that thou art thou
With power on thine own act and on the world.'²

Then he would enlarge upon man's consequent moral obligations, upon the Law which claims a free obedience, and upon the pursuit of moral perfection (in imitation of the Divine) to which man is called. 'Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect.'

And he wrote for me as to man's will being free but only within certain limits: 'Man's Free-will is but a bird in a cage; he can stop at the lower perch, or he can mount to a higher. Then that which is and knows will enlarge his cage, give him a higher and a higher perch, and at last

¹ The real mysteries to him were Time, life, and 'finite-infinite' space: and so he talks of the soul 'being born and banish'd into mystery.'

² 'De Profundis.'

break off the top of his cage, and let him out to be one with the Free-will of the Universe.' Then he said earnestly : ' If the absorption into the divine in the after-life be the creed of some, let them at all events allow us many existences of individuality before this absorption; since this short-lived individuality seems to be but too short a preparation for so mighty a union.' ¹

Death's truer name
Is ' Onward,' no discordance in the roll
And march of that Eternal Harmony
Whereto the worlds beat time.

In the same way, ' O living will that shalt endure ' ² he explained as that which we know as Free-will, the higher and enduring part of man. He held that there was an intimate connexion between the human and the divine, and that each individual will had a spiritual and eternal significance with relation to other individual wills as well as to the Supreme and Eternal Will.

Throughout his life he had a constant feeling of a spiritual harmony existing between ourselves and the outward visible Universe, and of the actual Immanence of God in the infinitesimal atom as in the vastest system. ³ ' If God,' he would say, ' were to withdraw Himself for one single instant from this Universe, everything would vanish into nothingness.' When speaking on that subject he said to me : ' My most passionate desire is to have a clearer and fuller vision of God. The soul seems to me one with God, how I cannot tell. I can sympathize with God in my poor little way.' In some phases of thought and feeling his idealism tended more decidedly to mysticism. He wrote : ' A kind of waking trance I have frequently had, quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has generally come upon me thro' repeating my own name two or three times to myself

¹ Cf. *In Memoriam*, XLVII.

² *In Memoriam*, CXXXI.

³ He would point out the difficulties of materialism, and would propound to us, when we were boys, the old puzzle : ' Look at the mystery of a grain of sand; you can divide it for ever and for ever. You cannot conceive anything material of which you cannot conceive the half ' He disliked the Atomic theory; and was taken by the theory of *aboriginal centres of force*.

silently, till all at once, as it were out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being, and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, the weirdest of the weirdest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction but the only true life.'¹ 'This might,' he said, 'be the state which St. Paul describes, "Whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether out of the body I cannot tell."'

He continued: 'I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said the state is utterly beyond words? But in a moment, when I come back to my normal state of "sanity," I am ready to fight for *mein liebes Ich*, and hold that it will last for æons of æons.'

In the same way he said that there might be a more intimate communion than we could dream of between the living and the dead, at all events for a time.

May all love,
His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow Thee,
Till God's love set Thee at his side again!

And—

The Ghost in Man, the Ghost that once was Man,
But cannot wholly free itself from Man,
Are calling to each other thro' a dawn
Stranger than earth has ever seen; the veil
Is rending, and the Voices of the day
Are heard across the Voices of the dark.

I need not enlarge upon his faith in the Immortality of the Soul, as he has dwelt upon that so fully in his poems. 'I can hardly understand,' he said, 'how any great, imaginative man, who has deeply lived, suffered, thought and wrought, can doubt of the Soul's continuous progress in the after-life.' His poem of 'Wages' he liked to quote on this subject.

He more than once said what he has expressed in 'Vastness': 'Hast Thou made all this for naught! Is

¹ Cf. 'The Ancient Sage,' and the smaller partial anticipation in *In Memoriam*, xcv. ix.

all this trouble of life worth undergoing if we only end in our own corpse-coffins at last? If you allow a God, and God allows this strong instinct and universal yearning for another life, surely that is in a measure a presumption of its truth. We cannot give up the mighty hopes that make us men.'

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is.
What then were God to such as I?

I have heard him even say that he 'would rather know that he was to be lost eternally than not know that the whole human race was to live eternally.'

One day towards the end of his life he bade me look into the Revised Version and see how the Revisers had translated the passage, 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.' His disappointment was keen when he found that the translators had not altered 'everlasting' into 'æonian' or some such word: for he never would believe that Christ could preach 'everlasting punishment.'

'Fecemi la divina potestate
La somma sapienza, e 'l primo amore,'

were words which he was fond of quoting in this relation, as if they were a kind of unconscious confession by Dante that Love must conquer at the last.

Letters were not unfrequently addressed to him asking what his opinions were about Evolution, about Prayer, and about Christ.

Of Evolution he said: 'That makes no difference to me, even if the Darwinians did not, as they do, exaggerate Darwinism. To God all is present. He sees present, past, and future as one.'

In the poem, 'By an Evolutionist,' written in 1888 when he was dangerously ill, he defined his position; he conceived that the further science progressed, the more the Unity of Nature, and the purpose hidden behind the cosmic process of matter in motion and changing forms of life, would be apparent. Some one asked him whether it was not hard to account for genius by Evolution. He put

aside the question, for he believed that genius was the greatest mystery to itself.

To Tyndall he once said, 'No evolutionist is able to explain the mind of Man or how any possible physiological change of tissue can produce conscious thought.' Yet he was inclined to think that the theory of Evolution caused the world to regard more clearly the 'Life of Nature as a lower stage in the manifestation of a principle which is more fully manifested in the spiritual life of man, with the idea that in this process of Evolution the lower is to be regarded as a means to the higher.'

In *Maud* he spoke of the making of man :

As nine months go to the shaping an infant ripe for his
birth,
So many a million of ages have gone to the making of
man :
He now is first, but is he the last?

The answer he would give to this query was : 'No, mankind is as yet on one of the lowest rungs of the ladder,¹ although every man has and has had from everlasting his true and perfect being in the Divine Consciousness.'

About prayer he said: 'The reason why men find it hard to regard prayer in the same light in which it was formerly regarded is, that *we* seem to know more of the unchangeableness of Law : but I believe that God reveals Himself in each individual soul. Prayer is, to take a mundane simile, like opening a sluice between the great ocean and our little channels when the great sea gathers itself together and flows in at full tide.'

'Prayer on our part is the highest aspiration of the soul.'

A breath that fleets beyond this iron world
And touches Him who made it.

And

Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit
can meet —
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and
feet.

¹ 'The herald of a higher race.'

And

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.

He said that 'O Thou Infinite, Amen,' was the form of prayer which he himself used in the time of trouble and sorrow : and that it was better to suffer than to lose the power of suffering.

When questions were written to him about Christ, he would say to me : 'Answer for me that I have given my belief in *In Memoriam*.'¹

As the Master of Balliol wrote :

'The *In Memoriam* records most of his inner nature. It was the higher and prevailing temper of his mind. He used to regard it as having said what he had to say on religion.'

The main testimony to Christianity he found not in miracles but in that eternal witness, the revelation of what might be called 'The Mind of God,' in the Christian morality, and its correlation with the divine in man.

He had a measureless admiration for the Sermon on the Mount ; and for the Parables — 'perfection, beyond compare,' he called them. I heard a talk on these between him and Browning, and Browning fully agreed with my father in his admiration. Moreover my father expressed his conviction that 'Christianity with its divine Morality but without the central figure of Christ, *the* Son of Man, would become cold, and that it is fatal for religion to lose its warmth;' that '*The* Son of Man' was the most tremendous title possible ; that the forms of Christian religion would alter ; but that the spirit of Christ would still grow from more to more 'in the roll of the ages.'

Till each man find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood.

'This is one of my meanings,' he said, 'of

Ring in the Christ that is to be — (CVI.) :

when Christianity without bigotry will triumph, when the controversies of creeds shall have vanished, and

¹ *In Memoriam*, xxxvi.

Shall bear false witness, each of each, no more,
But find their limits by that larger light,
And overstep them, moving easily
Thro' after-ages in the Love of Truth,
The truth of Love.'¹

'The most pathetic utterance in all history,' he said, 'is that of Christ on the Cross, "It is finished," after that passionate cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"' Nevertheless he also recognized the note of triumph in 'It is finish'd.' 'I am always amazed when I read the New Testament at the splendour of Christ's purity and holiness and at His infinite pity.'² He disliked discussion on the Nature of Christ, 'seeing that such discussion was mostly unprofitable, for none knoweth the Son but the Father.' 'He went about doing good,' he would say: and one of the traditional and unwritten sayings of Christ which oftenest came home to him was, 'He that is near Me is near the fire,' the baptism of the fire of inspiration. For in *In Memoriam* the soul, after grappling with anguish and darkness, doubt and death, emerges with the inspiration of a strong and steadfast faith in the Love of God for man, and in the oneness of man with God, and of man with man in Him —

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.

¹ 'Akbar's Dream.'

² What he called the 'man-woman' in Christ, the union of tenderness and strength.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO NOTES ON THE COLLECTED POEMS

I AM told that my young countrymen would like notes to my poems. Shall I write what dictionaries tell to save some of the idle folk trouble? or am I to try to fit a moral to each poem? or to add an analysis of passages? or to give a history of my similes? I do not like the task.

‘Artist first, then Poet,’ some critic said of me. I should answer, ‘Poeta nascitur, non fit.’ I suppose I was nearer thirty than twenty before I was anything of an artist; and in my earliest teens I wrote an epic—between 5000 and 6000 verses, chiefly à la Scott, and full of battles, dealing too with sea and savage mountain scenery. I used to compose sixty or seventy lines all at once, and shout them about the fields as I leapt over the hedges. I never felt so inspired, though of course the poem was not worth preserving, and into the fire it went.

My paraphrases of certain Latin and Greek lines seem too obvious to be mentioned. Many of the parallelisms here given are accidental. The same idea must often occur independently to two men looking on the same aspects of Nature. — T.

[The following notes were left by my father partly in his own handwriting, and partly dictated to me. He went through the proofs and corrected them, and sanctioned their publication under my editorship. But he wished it to be clearly understood that in his opinion, to use his own words, 'Poetry is like shot-silk with many glancing colours,' and that 'every reader must find his own interpretation according to his ability, and according to his sympathy with the poet.'

In answer to numerous questions put to me by friends, I have added here and there an additional note in brackets. — ED.]

NOTES ON *IN MEMORIAM*

[My father wrote in 1839: 'We must bear or we must die. It is easier perhaps to die, but infinitely less noble. The immortality of man disdains and rejects the thought—the immortality of man to which the cycles and æons are as hours and days.' — ED.]

P. SEC. VER.

1. *Introd.* i. [*immortal Love.*

'Love' is used in the same sense as in St. John, 1 John chap. iv. — ED.]

ii. *Thine are these orbs of light and shade.* Sun and moon.

2. vi. *For knowledge is of things we see.*

Τὰ φαινόμενα.

vii. *May make one music as before —* as in the ages of faith.

4. i. i. ll. 3 and 4. I alluded to Goethe's creed. Among his last words were these: 'Von Aenderungen zu höheren Aenderungen,' 'from changes to higher changes.'

P. SEC. VER.

4. I. i. *Divers tones.*

[My father would often say, 'Goethe is consummate in so many different styles.' — ED.]

ii. *The far-off interest of tears.*

The good that grows for us out of grief.

iii., iv. [Yet it is better to bear the wild misery of extreme grief than that Time should obliterate the sense of loss and deaden the power of Love. — ED.]

5. II. i. *Thy fibres net the dreamless head*
Νεκύων ἀμηνῶνὰ κάρηνα. Od. x. 521, etc.

iii. Cf. XXXIX.

[*To touch thy thousand years of gloom.*

No autumn tints ever change the green gloom of the yew. — ED.]

6. III. First realization of blind sorrow.

ii. [*A web is wov'n across the sky*; cf. CXXII. i. — ED.]

*From out waste places comes a cry,
And murmurs from the dying sun.*

Expresses the feeling that sad things in Nature affect him who mourns.

7. IV. iii. *Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,
That grief hath shaken into frost.*

Water can be brought below freezing point and not turn into ice — if it be kept still; but if it be moved suddenly it turns into ice and may break the vase.

9. VI. i., ii. *One writes, that 'Other friends remain,'
That 'Loss is common to the race' —
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.*

*That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more:
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.*

P. SEC. VER.

Cf. Lucretius:—

Nec nox ulla diem neque noctem Aurora
secuta est,

Quae non audierit mixtos vagitibus aegris
Ploratus.

My friend W. G. Ward, the well-known metaphysician, used to carry these two verses in his pocket—for he said that he felt so keenly that the vast sorrow in the world made no difference to his own personal deep sorrows—but through the feeling of his own sorrow he felt the universal sorrow more terribly than could be conceived. [Cf. *Mem.* i. 202; *ib.* 436.—ED.]

12. VII. i. *Dark house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street.*

67 Wimpole Street [the house of the historian Henry Hallam. A. H. H. used to say, 'You will always find us at sixes and sevens.' Cf. CXIX.—ED.].

15. IX. iii. *Phosphor.* Star of dawn.

- iv. [*sphere.* Addressed to the starry heavens.
Cf. 'Enoch Arden':—

'Then the great stars that globed themselves in heaven.'—ED.]

- v. [See below, LXXIX.—ED.]

17. x. iii. [*home-bred fancies* refers to the lines that follow—the wish to rest in the churchyard or in the chancel.—ED.]

18. v. *tangle* or 'oar-weed' (*I aminaria digitata*).

19. XI. ii. *Calm and deep peace on this high wold.*

A Lincolnshire wold or upland from which the whole range of marsh to the sea is visible.

P. SEC. VER.

21. XII. ii. *I leave this mortal ark behind.*
My spirit flies from out my material self.
23. XIII. iv. [Time will teach him the full reality of his
loss, whereas now he scarce believes in it,
and is like one who between sleep and
waking can weep and has dream-fancies.
— ED.]
[*Mine eyes have leisure for their tears.*
Contrast the tearless grief in iv. iii. and xx.
— ED.]
25. XIV. [The unreality of Death.¹]
iii. [*The man I held as half-divine.*
My father said, 'He was as near perfection
as mortal man could be.' — ED.]
27. XV. i. *And roar from yonder dropping day.*
From the West.
iii. *Athwart a plane of molten glass.*
A calm sea.
33. XVIII. i. *Where he in English earth is laid.*
Clevedon.
The violet of his native land.
Cf. 'Lay her in the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring.' — *Hamlet*, v. i. 261.
35. XIX. [Written at Tintern Abbey. — ED.]
i. *The Danube to the Severn gave.*
He died at Vienna and was brought to
Clevedon to be buried.
ii. *There twice a day the Severn fills ;*
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.
Taken from my own observation — the rapids
of the Wye are stilled by the incoming sea.

¹ Note by my mother.

P. SEC. VER.

40. XXII. i. [*four sweet years.* 1828-32. — ED.]
 XXIII. ii. *Who keeps the keys of all the creeds.*
 After death we shall learn the truth of all
 beliefs.
43. v. *And all the secret of the Spring.*
 Re-awakening of life.
44. XXIV. i. *Wandering isles of night.*
 Sun-spots.
 iv. [*And orb into the perfect star, etc.*
 Cf. 'Locksley Hall Sixty Years after': —
 'Hesper — Venus — were we native to
 that splendour or in Mars,
 We should see the Globe we groan in, fair-
 est of their evening stars.' — ED.]
45. XXV. i. *this was Life* — chequered, but the burden
 was shared.
46. XXVI. ii. *And if that eye which watches guilt, etc.*
 The Eternal Now. I AM.
 iv. [*Then might I find, ere yet the morn*
Breaks hither over Indian seas.
 Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. ii. 10,
 and *Comus*, 140: —
 'Ere the blabbing eastern scent,
 The nice morn on the Indian steep,
 From her cabin'd loophole peep.' — ED.]
- iv. *my proper scorn.* Scorn of myself.
47. XXVII. iii. [*want-begotten rest* —
 means rest — the result of some deficiency
 or narrowness. — ED.]
49. XXVIII. v. *The merry merry bells of Yule.*
 They always used to ring on Xmas Eve.
50. XXIX. i. [Original reading of first verse (MS.): —
With such compelling cause to grieve
As that which drains our days of peace,
And fetters thought to his decease,
How dare we keep our Christmas-eve. — ED.]

P. SEC. VER.

Original reading of third verse (MS.) : —

*But this — to keep it like the last,
To keep it even for his sake ;
Lest one more link should seem to break,
And Death sweep all into the Past. — ED.]*

51. XXX. ii. *the hall* was the dining-room at Somersby which my father [the Rev. G. C. Tennyson] built.

52. vii. *Rapt from the fickle and the frail.*

[Cf. 'The Ring' : —

'No sudden heaven, nor sudden hell, for
man,
But thro' the Will of One who knows
and rules —
And utter knowledge is but utter love —
Æonian Evolution, swift or slow,
Thro' all the Spheres — an ever open-
ing height,
An ever lessening earth.'

Cf. *Memoir*, ii. 365. — ED.]

Rapt. Taken.

viii. *when Hope was born.*

[My father often said : 'The cardinal point
of Christianity is the life after death.'
— ED.]

53. XXXI. 'She goeth out unto the grave to weep there,'
St. John xi. 31.

iv. [*He* is Lazarus. — ED.]

55. XXXIII. ii. *A life that leads melodious days*

Cf. Statius, *Silv.* i. 3 : —

'ceū veritus turbare Vopisci
Pieriosque dies et habentes carmina somnos.'

iv. [*In holding by the law within.*

In holding an intellectual faith which does
not care 'to fix itself to form.' — ED.]

xxxiv. i. [See Introduction, *supra*, pp. 233-234. — ED.]

P. SEC. VER.

57. XXXV. i. *The narrow house* — the grave.

iii. *Æonian hills* — the everlasting hills.

The vastness of the Ages to come may seem to militate against that Love.

iv. *The sound of that forgetful shore.*

'The land where all things are forgotten.'

59. XXXVI. [See Introduction, *supra*, p. 236. — ED.]

ii. *For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers,
Where truth in closest words shall fail,
When truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors.*

For divine Wisdom had to deal with the limited powers of humanity, to which truth logically argued out would be ineffectual, whereas truth coming in the story of the Gospel can influence the poorest.

iii. [*the Word.* As in the first chapter of St. John's Gospel — the Revelation of the Eternal Thought of the Universe. — ED.]

iv. *those wild eyes.* By this is intended the Pacific Islanders, 'wild' having a sense of 'barbarian' in it.

60. XXXVII. The Heavenly muse bids the poet's muse sing on a less lofty theme.

[Melpomene, the earthly muse of tragedy, answers for the poet: 'I am compelled to speak — as I think of the dead and of his words of the comfort in the creed of creeds — although I feel myself unworthy to speak of such mysteries.']¹

61. v. [The original reading in first edition: —
And dear as sacramental wine. — ED.]

vi. *master's field* — the province of Christianity (see XXXVI.).

¹ Note by my mother.

P. SEC. VER.

62. XXXVIII. ii. *the blowing season* — the blossoming season.

63. XXXIX. i. [*smoke* — the yew, when flowering, in a wind or if struck sends up its pollen like smoke. Cf. 'The Holy Grail': —

'Beneath a world-old yew-tree, darkening half

The cloisters, on a gustful April morn

That puff'd the swaying branches into smoke.'

Cf. *Memoir*, ii. 53. — ED.]

ii. [*When flower is feeling after flower.*
The yew is dioecious. — ED.]

iii. In section ii., as in the two last lines of this section, Sorrow only saw the winter gloom of the foliage.

L. vii. [*would have told* means — would desire to be told. — ED.]

65. viii. I have parted with thee until I die, and my paths are in the fields I know, whilst thine are in lands which I do not know.
[Cf. 'the undiscovered country,' *Hamlet*, III. i. — ED.]

66. XLI. iv. *The howlings from forgotten fields.*

The eternal miseries of the Inferno.

[*Nor shudders at the gulfs beneath,*
The howlings from forgotten fields.

This passage alludes to the doctrine which from first to last, and in so many ways and images, my father proclaimed — 'the upward and onward progress of life.' I have thought that 'forgotten fields' implies — not dwelt on, and so disregarded — a creed that is outworn; but Sir Richard Jebb writes: 'I have not been able to find any verbal parallel for the phrase "forgotten fields," or reference to the nether world. . . . I think that

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"God-forgotten" — outcast — is the most probable explanation. Cf. *ἄθεος* in Sophocles, *O. T.* 661. — ED.]

67. XLI. vi. *secular to-be* — æons of the future. [Cf. LXXVI. ii. : —

'The secular abyss to come.' — ED.]

69. XLIII. If the immediate life after death be only sleep, and the spirit between this life and the next should be folded like a flower in a night slumber, then the remembrance of the past might remain, as the smell and colour do in the sleeping flower; and in that case the memory of our love would last as true, and would live pure and whole within the spirit of my friend until it was unfolded at the breaking of the morn, when the sleep was over.

- i. *Thro' all its intervital gloom.*

In the passage between this life and the next.

- iv. *And at the spiritual prime.*

Dawn of the spiritual life hereafter.

70. XLIV. i. *God shut the doorways of his head.*

Closing of the skull after babyhood.

The dead after this life may have no remembrance of life, like the living babe who forgets the time before the sutures of the skull are closed, yet the living babe grows in knowledge, and though the remembrance of his earliest days has vanished, yet with his increasing knowledge there comes a dreamy vision of what has been; it may be so with the dead; if so, resolve my doubts, etc.

71. XLV. iv. [*This use may lie in blood and breath.*

The purpose of the life here may be to realise personal consciousness, else blood

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and breath would not bear their due fruit.—ED.]

72. XLVI. [The original reading of first verse (MS.):—
*In travelling thro' this lower clime,
 With reason our memorial power
 Is shadow'd by the growing hour,
 Lest this should be too much for time.*—ED.]

iv. *Love, a brooding star.*

As if Lord of the whole life.

[Memory fails here, but memory in the next life must have all our being and existence clearly in view; and will see Love shine forth as if Lord of the whole life (not merely of those five years), the wider landscape aglow with the sunrise of a bright and eternal day.—ED.]

73. XLVII. The individuality lasts after death, and we are not utterly absorbed into the God-head. If we are to be finally merged in the Universal Soul, Love asks to have at least one more parting before we lose ourselves.¹

74. XLVIII. iii. [*shame to draw
 The deepest measure.*

For there are 'thoughts that do often lie too deep for' mere poetic words.—ED.]

XLIX. ii. [*crisp*—curl, ripple. Cf.—

'To watch the crisping ripples on the beach.'
 'Lotos-eaters.'—ED.]

77. LI. iv. [See *Memoir*, i. 481. The Queen quoted this verse to my father about the Prince Consort just after his death, and told him that it had brought her great comfort.—ED.]

78. LII. I cannot love thee as I ought, for human nature is frail, and cannot be perfect like Christ's. Yet it is the ideal, and

¹ See Introduction, *supra*, p. 232.—ED.

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truth to the ideal, which make the wealth of life.¹ [The more direct line of thought is that not even the Gospel tale keeps man wholly true to the ideal of Christ. But nothing — no shortcoming of frail humanity — can move that Spirit of the highest love from our side which bids us endure and abide the issue. — ED.]

78. LII. iv. *Abide* — wait without wearying.

79. LIII. ii. iii. iv. *And dare we to this fancy give.*

There is a passionate heat of nature in a rake sometimes. The nature that yields emotionally may turn out straighter than a prig's. Yet we must not be making excuses, but we must set before us a rule of good for young as for old.

iv. [*divine Philosophy.* Cf. XXIII. vi. — ED.]

82. LV. i. *The likest God within the soul.*

The inner consciousness — the divine in man.

iii. *And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear.*

'Fifty' should be 'myriad.'

83. v. *the larger hope.*

[My father means by 'the larger hope' that the whole human race would, through, perhaps, ages of suffering, be at length purified and saved, even those who now 'better not with time,' so that at the end of 'The Vision of Sin' we read —

'God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.' — ED.]

85. LVI. vi. *Dragons of the prime.*

The geologic monsters of the early ages.

86. LVII. [Cf. 'The Grave.' See Introduction, *supra*, pp. 223-224. — ED.]

¹ Note by my mother.

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86. LVII. ii. *I shall pass; my work will fail.*

The poet speaks of these poems. Methinks
I have built a rich shrine to my friend,
but it will not last.

iv. *Ave, Ave.*

Cf. Catullus, *Carm.* ci. 10, these terribly
pathetic lines: —

‘Accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu
Atque in perpetuum frater Ave atque Vale.’

[My father wrote: ‘Nor can any modern
elegy, so long as men retain the least
hope in the after-life of those whom they
loved, equal in pathos the desolation of
that everlasting farewell.’]

87. LVIII. ‘Ulysses’ was written soon after Arthur
Hallam’s death, and gave my feelings
about the need of going forward and
braving the struggle of life perhaps more
simply than anything in *In Memoriam*.

86. LIX. [Inserted in 1851 as a pendant to Section
III. — ED.]

90. LXI. In power of love not even the greatest
dead can surpass the poet.

i. [Cf. xxxviii. iii. — ED.]

iii. [*doubtful shore.* Cf. —

‘and that which should be man,
From that one light no man can look upon,
Drew to this shore lit by the suns and moons
And all the shadows.’ — ‘De Profundis.’

And —

‘And we, the poor earth’s dying race, and yet
No phantoms, watching from a phantom
shore,

Await the last and largest sense to make
The phantom walls of this illusion fade,
And show us that the world is wholly fair.’

‘Ancient Sage.’ — ED.]

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93. LXIV. [This section was composed by my father when he was walking up and down the Strand and Fleet Street.—ED.]
- iii. [*golden keys*—keys of office of State.—ED.]
97. LXVII. i. *By that broad water of the west.*
The Severn.
- iv. I myself did not see Clevedon till years after the burial of A. H. H. (Jan. 3, 1834), and then in later editions of *In Memoriam* I altered the word 'chancel' (which was the word used by Mr. Hallam in his *Memoir*) to 'dark church.'
98. LXVIII. i. *Death's twin-brother.*
'Consanguineus Leti Sopor.'—*Æn.* vi. 278.
[Cf. *Il.* xiv. 231; *Il.* xvi. 672 and 682.—ED.]
99. LXIX. To write poems about death and grief is
'to wear a crown of thorns,' which the people say ought to be laid aside.
- iv. *I found an angel of the night.*
But the Divine Thing in the gloom brought comfort.
102. LXXI. [The original reading of first verse (MS.):—
Old things are clear in waking trance,
And thou, O Sleep, hast made at last
A night-long Present of the Past
In which we went thro' sunny France.—ED.]
[*we went*—in 1832 (see *Memoir*, i. 51, and following, and the poem 'In the Valley of Caunteretz').—ED.]
[The original reading of last verse (MS.):—
Beside the river's wooded reach,
The meadow set with summer flags,
The cataract clashing from the crags,
The breaker breaking on the beach.—ED.]
- iv. [*The cataract flashing from the bridge.*—
that is, from under the bridge.—ED.]

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103. LXXII. Hallam's death-day, September the fifteenth. [Cf. XCIX.]
 iv. [*yet look'd*—yet wouldst have looked.—ED.]
104. vii. [*thy dull goal of joyless gray*—the dull sunset.—ED.]
105. LXXIII. ii. *For nothing is that errs from law.*
 Cf. Zoroaster's saying, 'Nought errs from law.'
107. LXXV. iii. *the breeze of song.*
 Cf. Pindar, *Pyth.* iv. 3—οὔρον ὕμνων.
 iv. *Thy leaf has perish'd in the green.*
 At 23.
109. LXXVI. i. *Take wings of fancy, and ascend,
 And in a moment set thy face
 Where all the starry heavens of space
 Are sharpen'd to a needle's end.*
 So distant in void space that all our firmament would appear to be a needle-point thence.
 ii. *The secular abyss to come* = the ages upon ages to be (cf. Sect. XLVI).
 iii. *the matin songs.*
 The great early poets.
 iv. [*these remain*—the yew and oak.—ED.]
110. LXXVII. iii. [*then changed to something else.*
 The grief that is no longer a grief.—ED.]
111. LXXVIII. iii. *The mimic picture's breathing grace.*
 Tableaux vivants.
hoodman-blind—blind man's buff. [Cf.—
 'What devil was't
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?'—*Hamlet*, III. iv.—ED.]
113. LXXIX. The section is addressed to my brother Charles (Tennyson Turner).
 [My father wrote to Mr. Gladstone: 'He

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was almost the most lovable human being I have ever met.' — ED.]

113. LXXIX. i. [*in fee*—in possession. Cf. Wordsworth's sonnet on Venice:—

'Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee.' — ED.]

- iv. *kindred brows* was originally 'brother brows.'

116. LXXXI. i. *Could I have said while he was here.*

[My father told me, as far as I remember, that a note of exclamation had been omitted by accident after 'ear' (thus, ear!). James Spedding, in a pencil note on the MS. of *In Memoriam*, writes, 'Could I have said — meaning, I wish I could.' — ED.]

- ii. [*Love, then, Love* at that time. — ED.]

117. LXXXII. ii. [*From state to state the spirit walks.*

Cf. Sect. XXX. vi. and vii., and —

'Some draught of Lethe might await
The slipping thro' from state to state.'
'Two Voices.' — ED.]

119. LXXXIV. iii. *When thou should'st link thy life with one
Of mine own house.*

The projected marriage of A. H. H. with Emily Tennyson.

121. xi. *Arrive at last the blessed goal.*

Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Bk. ii. —

'ere he arrive
The happy isle.'

- xii. [*backward.*

Looking back on what might have been.
— ED.]

123. LXXXV. [Addressed to Edmund Lushington. — ED.]

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123. LXXXV. vi. *The great Intelligences fair.*Cf. *Lycidas*: —

‘There entertain him all the Saints above
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 That sing, and singing in their glory
 move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.’

[Cf. Milton, *Par. Lost*, v. 407, and Dante,
Il Convito, ii. 5.

‘Intelligenze, le quali la volgare
 gente chiama Angeli.’ — ED.]

vii. [*cycled times* — earthly periods. — ED.]

124. x. *Yet none could better know than I,
 How much of act at human hands
 The sense of human will demands.*

Yet I know that the knowledge that we
 have free will demands from us action.

xiv. [*imaginative woe.*

The imaginative and speculative sorrow of
 the poet. Cf. *infra*, verse xxiv.: —

‘And pining life be fancy-fed.’ — ED.]

126. xxiii. [Think of me as having reached the final
 goal of bliss, and as triumphing in the —

‘one far-off divine event
 To which the whole creation moves.’

— ED.]

127. xxvi. l. i. [With love as true, if not so fresh. — ED.]

xxvii. [*hold apart* — set by itself, above rivalry.
 — ED.]

129. LXXXVI. Written at Barmouth.

i. *ambrosial air.*

It was a west wind.

ii. *the horned flood.*

Between two promontories.

iv. *orient star.*

Any rising star is here intended.

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130. LXXXVII. Trinity College, Cambridge.

iv. *the rooms.*

Which were in New Court, Trinity. [Now
3 G. — ED.]

132. x. *The bar of Michael Angelo.*

The broad bar of frontal bone over the
eyes of Michael Angelo.

133. LXXXVIII. To the Nightingale.

i. [*quicks* — quickset thorn. — ED.]

134. LXXXIX. Somersby.

i. *counterchange* — chequer.

The *towering sycamore* is cut down, and
the four poplars are gone, and the
lawn is no longer flat.

136. xii. *Before the crimson-circled star.*

Before Venus, the evening star, had dipt
into the sunset. The planets, accord-
ing to La Place, were evolved from
the sun.

137. xc. [He who first suggested that the dead
would not be welcome if they came to
life again knew not the highest love.
Cf. —

‘For surely now our household hearths
are cold:

Our sons inherit us: our looks are
strange:

And we should come like ghosts to trouble
joy.’ — ‘Lotos-Eaters.’ — ED.]

139. xci. i. *Flits by the sea-blue bird of March.*

‘*Darts the sea-shining bird of March*’
would best suit the Kingfisher. I used
to see him in our brook first in March,
He came up from the sea. ἀλιπόρφυρος
εἶλαρος ὄρνις. — Alcman. [Cf. *Memoir*,
ii. 4. — ED.]

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140. XCII. iv.

*And such refraction of events
As often rises ere they rise.*

The heavenly bodies are seen above the horizon, by refraction, before they actually rise.

XCIII. ii. [*Where all the nerve of sense is numb.*
This spiritual state is described in Sect.
XCIV. — ED.]

141. iii. [*With gods in un conjectured bliss.* Cf.
Comus, II —

‘Among the enthroned gods on sainted
seats.’ — ED.]

[*tenfold-complicated.* Refers to the ten
heavens of Dante. Cf. *Paradiso*, XXVIII.
xv. and after. — ED.]

142. XCIV. iii. *They haunt the silence of the breast.*
This was what I felt.

143. XCV. ii. *The brook alone far-off was heard.*
It was a marvellously still night, and I
asked my brother Charles to listen to
the brook, which we had never heard
so far off before.

iii. [*lit* — alighted. — ED.]

*the filmy shapes
That haunt the dusk with ermine capes
And woolly breasts and beaded eyes.*

Moths; perhaps the ermine or the puss-
moth.

144. ix. *The living soul.*

The Deity, maybe. The first reading,
‘his living soul,’ troubled me, as per-
haps giving a wrong impression.

[The old passage that troubled him
was : —

*‘His living soul was flash’d on mine,
And mine in his was wouna,
and whirl’d*

*About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is.’*

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With reference to the later reading, my father would say: 'Of course the greater Soul may include the less.' He preferred, however, for fear of giving a wrong impression, the vaguer and more abstract later reading; and his further comment was: 'I have often had that feeling of being whirled up and rapt into the Great Soul.' — ED.]

145. XCV. x. [*that which is.*

Tò ðν, the Absolute Reality. — ED.]

147. XCVI. ii. *I know not: one indeed I knew*

*In many a subtle question versed,
Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true.*

A. H. H.

vi. Cf. Exodus xix. 16, 'And it came to pass on the third day, in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud.'

[The thought suggested in this verse is that the stronger faith of Moses — found in the darkness of the cloud through commune with the Power therein dwelling — is of a higher order than the creeds of those who walk by sight rather than by insight. — ED.]

149. XCVII. The relation of one on earth to one in the other and higher world. Not my relation to him here. He looked up to me as I looked up to him.

[Love finds his image everywhere. The relation of one on earth to one in the other world is as a wife's love for her husband after a love which has been at first demonstrative. Now he is compelled to be wrapt in matters dark and deep. Although he seems distant,

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she knows that he loves her as well as before, for she loves him in all true faith.]¹

149. XCVII. i. *His own vast shadow glory-crown'd.*

Like the spectre of the Brocken.

151. XCVIII. i. *You leave us : 'You' is imaginary.*

ii. *wisp* — ignis-fatuus.

152. v. *Gnarr* — snarl.

vi. *mother town* — metropolis.

153. XCIX. i. *Day, when I lost the flower of men.*

September the fifteenth. Cf. LXXII. ii.

iii. [*coming care*—the hardship of winter.—ED.]

154. v. *Betwixt the slumber of the poles.*

The ends of the axis of the earth, which move so slowly that they seem not to move, but slumber.

155. C.(1837) i. *I climb the hill.*

Hill above Somersby.

iv. *Nor runlet tinkling from the rock.*

The rock in Holywell, which is a wooded ravine, commonly called there 'the Glen.'

157. CI. iii. *The brook.*

[The brook at Somersby, the charm and beauty of which was a joy to my father all his life. — ED.]

iii. *or when the lesser wain.*

[My father would often spend his nights wandering about the wolds, gazing at the stars. Edward FitzGerald writes :

'Like Wordsworth on the mountains, Alfred too, when a lad abroad on the wold, sometimes of a night with the

¹ Note by my mother.

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shepherd, watched not only the flock
on the greensward, but also

‘the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas.’

Cf. *Memoir*, i. 19. — ED.]

159. CII. ii. *Two spirits of a diverse love.*

First, the love of the native place ; second,
this enhanced by the memory of
A. H. H.

161. CIII. [I have a dream which comforts me on
leaving the old home and brings me
content. The departure suggests the
departure of death, and my reunion
with him. I have grown in spiritual
grace as he has. The gorgeous sky at
the end of the section typifies the glory
of the hope in that which is to be.]¹

ii. *Methought I dwelt within a hall,
And maidens with me :*

They are the Muses, poetry, arts — all that
made life beautiful here, which we hope
will pass with us beyond the grave.

hidden summits — the divine.

river — life.

iv. *sea* — eternity.

162. vii. The progress of the Age.

ix. The great hopes of humanity and science.

164. CIV. i. *A single church below the hill.*

Waltham Abbey church.

iii. *But all is new unhallow'd ground.*

High Beech, Epping Forest (where we
were living). [Cf. XCIX. ii. — ED.]

165. cv. iii. [*abuse*. Cf. xxx. ii. In the old sense —
wrong. — ED.]

¹ Note by my mother.

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166. CV. vi.-vii.

*No dance, no motion, save alone
What lightens in the lucid east
Of rising worlds by yonder wood.*

The scintillating motion of the stars that
rise.

vii. [*Run out your measured arcs, and lead
The closing cycle.*

Fulfil your appointed revolutions, and bring
the closing period 'rich in good.' Cf.
Vergil, Ecl. iv. 4. —

Ultima Cymaei venit jam carminis aetas.
— ED.]

168. CVI. viii. *Ring in the Christ that is to be.*

The broader Christianity of the future.

[Cf. Introduction, *supra*, p. 236.—ED.]

169. CVII. i. *It is the day when he was born.*

February 1, 1811.

iii. *grides* — grates.

iv. [*drifts.*

Fine snow which passes in squalls to fall
into the breaker, and darkens before
melting in the sea. Cf. 'The Progress
of Spring,' III. — ED.]

171. CVIII. i. *I will not shut me from my kind.*

Grief shall not make me a hermit, and I
will not indulge in vacant yearnings and
barren aspirations; it is useless trying
to find him in the other worlds — I find
nothing but the reflections of myself: I
had better learn the lesson that sorrow
teaches.

iv. [The original reading of last line (MS.): —
Yet how much wisdom sleeps with thee.
Cf. CXIII. i.

A pencil note by James Spedding on the
MS. of *In Memoriam* says: 'You
might give the thought a turn of this

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kind : "The wisdom that died with you is lost for ever, but out of the loss itself some other wisdom may be gained." — ED.]

172. CIX. [The judgment on Hallam of his contemporaries coincided with that of my father (*Memoir*, i. 105-108). See, for instance, extract from J. M. Kemble's letter : 'This is a loss which will most assuredly be felt by this age, for if ever man was born for great things he was. Never was a more powerful intellect joined to a purer and holier heart ; and the whole illuminated with the richest imagination, with the most sparkling yet the kindest wit.' — ED.]

i. *From household fountains.*

My father expressed no opinion on Gatty's interpretation, 'imported from an intellectual home,' or on mine, 'welling up from original sources within.' Cf. the use of *οἰκοθεν*. — ED.]

vi. *Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.*

If I do not let thy wisdom make me wise.

CX. i. [*The men of rathe and riper years.*

'Rathe,' Anglo-Saxon *hræth*, 'early.' Cf. Lancelot and Elaine : 'Till rathe she rose.' — ED.]

176. CXI. v. [*drew in* — contracted, narrowed. — ED.]

177. vi. *charlatan.*

From Ital. *ciarlatano*, a mountebank ; hence the accent on the last syllable.

178. CXII. i. [*High wisdom* is ironical. 'High wisdom' has been twitting the poet that although he gazes with calm and indulgent eyes on unaccomplished greatness, yet he makes light of narrower natures more perfect in their own small way. — ED.]

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178. CXII. i. *glorious insufficiencies.*

Unaccomplished greatness such as Arthur Hallam's.

set light by — make light of.

[In answer to 'high wisdom' the poet says) : 'The power and grasp and originality of A. H. H.'s intellect, and the greatness of his nature [which are not mere 'glorious insufficiencies'], make me seem careless about those that have a narrower perfectness.']*¹

ii. *the lesser lords of doom.*

Those that have free-will, but less intellect.

179. CXIII. i. [Cf. CVIII. iv. — ED.]

181. CXIV. i. *Who shall fix her pillars.*

'Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars.' — Proverbs ix. i.

183. CXV. i. *burgeons* — buds.

maze of quick. — quickset tangle.

[*squares.* Cf. 'The Ring' —

'The down that sees
A thousand squares of corn and meadow,
far
As the gray deep.' — ED.]

185. CXVI. i. *crescent prime* — growing spring.

186. CXVII. iii. *And every span of shade that steals.*
The sun-dial.

And every kiss of toothèd wheels.
The clock.

187. CXVIII. iv. [*type.* — represent ; cf. 'Princess,' vii.

'Dear, but let us type them now
In our own lives.'

188. v. [By gradual self-development, or by sorrows and fierce strivings and calamities. — ED.]

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189. CXIX. [Cf. vii. — ED.]

190. CXX. i. *Like Paul with beasts.*

‘If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantage hath it me?’ — I Cor. xv. 32.

iii. *Let him, the wiser man who springs
Hereafter, up from childhood shape
His action like the greater ape.*

Spoken ironically against mere materialism,
not against evolution.

192. CXXI. [Written at Shiplake, where my father and mother were married. — ED.]

v. *Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name.*

The evening star is also the morning star,
death and sorrow brighten into death
and hope.

193. CXXII. i. *doom* — that of grief.

194. v. *And every dew-drop paints a bow.*

Every dew-drop turns into a miniature
rainbow.

195. CXXIII. Geologic changes.

[All material things are unsubstantial, yet there is that in myself which assures me that the spiritual part of man abides, and that we shall meet again.] ¹

i. *The stillness of the central sea.*

Balloonists say that even in a storm the middle sea is noiseless.

[Professor George Darwin writes: ‘People always talk at sea of the howling of the wind and lashing of the sea, but it is the ship that makes it all. A man clinging to a spar in a heavy sea would only hear a little gentle swishing from the “white horses.”’]

¹ Note by my mother.

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195. CXXIII. iii. [*For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.*

Cf. note to LVII. iv., and the poem 'Frater
Ave atque Vale.' — ED.]

197. CXXIV. v. [*blind clamour* refers to —

I heard a voice 'believe no more'
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep. — ED.]

199. CXXVI. [The following was originally the second
verse (MS.): —

*Love is my king, nor here alone,
But where I see the distance loom,
For in the field behind the tomb
There rests the shadow of his throne.*
— ED.]

[The following was originally the third
verse (MS.): —

*And here at times a sentinel
That moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the vast of space
Among the worlds, that all is well.*
— ED.]

200. CXXVII. iv. [*brute earth.*

Cf. 'bruta tellus,' the heavy, inert earth.
— Hor. I. xxxiv. — ED.]

202. CXXVIII. [In comradeship with Love that is all the
stronger for facing Death, the Faith
which believes in the progress of the
world sees that all in the individual as
in the race is working to one great
result, however retrograde the eddies
of the world-currents may at times
appear to be.]¹ (This section must be
read in close connection with CXXVI.
and CXXVII.)

204. CXXIX. [These two faiths are in reality the same.
The thought of thee as human and

¹ Note by my mother.

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divine mingles with all great thoughts
as to the destiny of the world (cf.
CXXX.).]¹

He 'shall live though he die.'

206. CXXXI. [The following words were uttered by my father in January, 1869, and bear upon this section: — 'Yes, it is true that there are moments when the flesh is nothing to me, when I feel and know the flesh to be the vision, God and the Spiritual the only real and true. Depend upon it, the Spiritual *is* the real: it belongs to one more than the hand and the foot. You may tell me that my hand and my foot are only imaginary symbols of my existence, I could believe you; but you never, never can convince me that the *I* is not an eternal Reality, and that the Spiritual is not the true and real part of me.' These words he spoke with such passionate earnestness that a solemn silence fell on us as he left the room. — ED.]

i. *O living will.*

That which we know as Free Will in man.
[See Introduction, *supra*, pp. 231-232. —
ED.]

[*spiritual rock*. Cf. 1 Cor. x. 4.

ii. *conquer'd years*. Cf. 'victor Hours,' I. iv.
— ED.]

Conclusion. The marriage of Edmund Lushington and
Cecilia Tennyson, Oct. 10, 1842.

¹ Note by my mother.

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